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Le Rêve d'Amour, ou l'Amour à l'Opéra.

The Ballad of

Io. 1.

The Banks

of the River Jordan





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# THE BANQUET:

IN

## Three Cantos.

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—“Οὐτε γὰς θεοὶ<sup>1</sup>  
τεμνάντες χαρίταν ἀτεξ  
κοιτασέντες χορούς,  
Οὐτε διῖτας;—

PINDAR. OLYMP.

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LONDON:

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## PRÉFACE.

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ALTHOUGH the custom of long *graces* before meat be upon the decline, and though the preface to a good dinner cannot well be too short, still I must not, “Amice Lector,” allow thee, as a perfect stranger, to sit down to the repast here prepared for thee, where

“The mind should banquet though the body pine,”  
without first paying thee my compliments.

Even in this age of Fêtes and Galas, the promise of an entertainment of three courses, hot from the press, will surely possess no ordinary attractions for the Helluones Librorum. How far the expectations excited by so pompous an invitation will be gratified, it is not for me to anticipate.

In a neighbouring nation the public have relished a similar attempt; and the **Gastronomia** of Berchoux has been received as a work calculated, not only to gratify, but to improve the taste of his country.

The whole has been recast in such a way, as it is hoped, may suit the manners, inclinations, impressions, and prepossessions current on this side of the water; and though, I believe, the substance of the French work will be found transfused into the English, it has been done, if I may use an elucidation borrowed from a sister science, not by way of transposition into a different key, but of variation or running accompaniment. Of this, poetry seems not less susceptible than music, in which so many brilliant composers have gained, and perhaps not undeservedly, such flattering reputations, by uniting to some approved and favourite subject, the novelty, freedom, and fire of original composition.

Of the difficulty of the undertaking I am fully sensible; of the practicability of it I am well con-

vinced; of the accomplishment—thou, my dear reader, or my severe reader, my *fair* reader, or my *unfair* reader, imperatively and irrevocably, thoagh I trust not rashly or uncandidly, wilt decide.

The assistance received in the greater part of the notes, from an elegant female pen, does not require to be pointed out; and the native modesty of the writer would shrink from the eulogium gratitude might be disposed to bestow.

I shall not detain thee with a *long* account of the incredibly *short* time that has been employed on this production, the astonishing difficulties that have been encountered, the thousand avocations that were soliciting me during the whole period of its composition, and the total seclusion in which I have been, in a distant province, remote from literary acquaintance, either of living authors whose works are dying every day, or dead writers whose works live for ever.— All this, and much more, I spare thee. Thou art at my mercy now, though in a minute I shall be at

thine, and I only wait a generous return of the compassion of which I give thee such a noble example.

“ ——Aequum est  
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.”

HOR. SAT. III. 74.

As I am informed, by those who are conversant in publishing, that 1964 lines are as many as can reasonably be expected to be read at any one time, by any one person, on any one subject, let it be ever so interesting (and surely none can be more generally so than mine), I have consented, with some reluctance I confess, out of pure regard to my reader's most precious time, to expunge and entirely cancel a very learned and elaborate introductory discourse, interspersed with quotations (in all the languages of which I am master), from all the most approved authors of ancient and modern times, from Aristotle down to Mr. Farley inclusive, in which I have most clearly and incontestably demonstrated the antiquity, utility, and *vitality* of the

science of eating, as well as its anteriority and superiority to all other arts and sciences whatsoever. This erudite and abstruse disquisition I sacrifice to thy comfort. I give up my *ανθάτισμα*, my *ἐσπέρισμα*, and *ἀριστη*, and retain nothing of the Grecian entertainments but the form of their supper, which consisted, as you know, of the *πρόπομα*, or *antecænum*, *cœnæ præfatio*—the *κεφαλὴ δειπνος*, *caput cœnæ*, or first course, and the *δευτέρα τράπεζα*, or second course—a classic arrangement which cannot but be highly gratifying and instructive.

I am not insensible to the loss my literary reputation must sustain from the suppression of these recondite and ingenious illustrations and elucidations, but I console myself with the reflection, that if I fail to confirm my character for learning on this occasion, I shall effectually establish it for disinterestedness, which, if not the most generally esteemed, is much the rarest and most valuable quality of the two.

I am also aware that a work intended “*volitare*

*per ora*” cannot well be too light and unincumbered, nor too easy of digestion; and I profess a truly sympathetic feeling for those who are always for hurrying forward to the practical part, which is so often unaccountably preferred to the elementary, notwithstanding the undeniable superiority of mental over corporeal enjoyments.

Valete, et favete *linguis.*

# THE BANQUET.

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## CANTO I.

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### REPASTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

---

SAY, minor poets, say, ye poets lyrical,  
Your reputation is it then chimerical ?  
Or, must the Muse esteem that fame less rare  
Which she herself has been allow'd to share ?

Are ye not bees, that on Hymettus feed,  
Extracting sweets from every scattered weed ?  
To few 'tis given to sip, to very few,  
The virgin honey from the crystal dew :—  
Yet honey-dew is found, by modern eye  
That tracks the path of critick chemistry :      10  
Not the nectareous balm, from heaven that falls,  
But the poor product of a worm that crawls.

Softly ye hum round Aganippe's spring;  
In the pure fount ye seldom dip your wing.  
The grass that hides its modest head from view  
Fragrant with fresh florescence teams for you:—  
The tufted origan and vulgar heath  
Exhale an odour, to perfume your breath:—  
The purple hyacinth and primrose pale,  
For you aromatize the matin gale, 20  
And when bewilder'd, in excursive flight,  
On springy cyperus or rush ye light:—  
Your equal couch, the mossy cells that crown  
The thorny rose-branch, or the thistle's down.

Such the light variegated race that play,  
And round Parnassus bask in Phœbus ray.—  
Gay insects, that to him their colours owe,  
Whose friendly lustre gilds them as they go.  
Nourish'd by flowers the hand of fancy weaves,  
They drink the sparkling dew to gem their leaves. 30  
And can their mighty aspirations last  
On such thin diet, such a hard repast?

On these with trembling wing, from clime to clime,  
Maintain their flight, aërial and sublime ?  
Alas ! above, they taste the ambrosial cheer,  
But oft descend, with empty stomachs, here.

Where are ye now, ye towering birds who spread  
Your dazzling wings aloft, o'er Tmolus head ?  
On snowy quills, who through the ether fly,  
Like fleecy clouds, beneath their native sky :      40  
O'er Asia's lucid lake, delighted soar,  
That peaceful slumbers on its grassy shore :  
Or floating down Cayster's placid stream,  
To guide the current, that supports you, seem :  
Or from your arched necks and glossy side,  
In glassy showers sweep off the refluent tide  
Which round the swelling bosom loves to stray,  
Or drops disdain'd in pearly tears away.  
Well may ye droop your pensive heads, forlorn,  
Your ruby bills may deeper blush in scorn,      50  
That now, in brighter hues, your rivals drest,  
Sail down the Seine with elevated crest.

There Mantua's swan expands her silver wing,  
And mute for ages, deigns again to sing.  
For wheresoc'er the Gallic peasant roves,  
New Georgics rise, through all his pastoral groves :  
Clear'd from the rust of years, the plough-share shines,  
And draws fresh furrows through the even lines :  
The Fauns and Dryads pace their sprightly round,  
With *antique* steps to print the modern ground : 60  
The son of Semele, with richer bline,  
Tints the inviting grape to tempt the view :  
With deeper yellow, Ceres gilds the vale ;  
And Flora lends fresh fragrance to the gale :  
Pales her pails with frothier nectar fills,  
And Pan for these deserts the Arcadian hills.  
All Nature pours her treasures through the page  
Delille shall consecrate to every age !  
    'Tis the stern husbandman's, rude man of toil !  
To cleave the fallow's tough, adhesive soil : 70  
With fat manure, to fertilize the plain,  
And in its teaming womb infuse the grain :

To scoop the stagnant ditch, impure, or fill  
With living waters, from the babbling rill :  
To bid the bristly fence impervious stand,  
While the blood trickles from his patient hand ;  
Though the keen axe may deal the hostile blow,  
Through the thick glove the avenging prickles go.

To the spruce gardener, man of many cares,  
I leave my apples, mulberries, and pears ; 80

To trim my artichokes be his, and train  
My currants, raspberries, and my plums sustain :  
For him it is that my sweet-william glows,  
Sweeter angelica, and sweetest rose :  
He bids my hot-house burn with Afric's heat,  
And tends my nectarines that my friends may eat :  
He shapes my path, by his unerring line,  
My thyme is his, and let his *time* be mine.

Far other studies my attention claim :  
A nobler quarry now attracts my aim, 90  
No more the Muse in their hard quarry delves,  
Where th' rich veins they seldom meet themselves.

Though to one point our views and interests tend,  
My work commences where their labours end.

Descend *Calliope* from *Æta* haste,  
And sing (delightful task !) the man of taste :  
Through vineyard, farmyard, orchard, garden trace,  
Through cellars, pantries, and at table place :  
Bid jovial guests attend his welcome call,  
And busy footsteps echo through his hall ; 100  
Hilarity, with dimpled cheek preside,  
And Youth and Health sit blooming by his side.  
No sullen-eyed Misanthropy be there,  
No sour Inquietude, nor pallid Care ;  
But Friendship draw the chairs more closely round,  
And Pleasure's front with rosy wreaths be bound ;  
The hand of Beauty crown the sparkling cup,  
That modern wits, like ancient gods, may sup.

Come ye who, owning only Nature's laws,  
Eat without rule and dine without applause, 110  
Learn from my lays the pleasures that allure us,  
To this bright school of modern Epicurus.

Come, Comus, come,—come Momus, haste along,  
With mildest breath inspire my rising song!—  
Yet, why should I your dubious aid invite,  
Who never learn'd, yourselves, to read and write?  
And what need he auxiliaries require,  
Whose subject fills his swelling breast with fire:  
Warms every nerve and renovates the blood,  
Rolls through each vein the invigorating flood, 120  
And gives the fine sensorium of the brain  
To vibrate pleasure, or to throb with pain.

Still let not here my erring pen refuse  
Its grateful tribute to the favouring Muse;  
Who taught these fingers the smooth verse to trace,  
And drop ten words, each in to its right place;  
Led me to amble, steadily and fleet,  
On the sharp points of five unequal feet,  
And bade me make, by numbers and by rhyme,  
Discordant sentiments together chime. 130  
Poets, like parents, thns their offspring link,  
So pleased to hear the fascinating *chink*:

With sound discretion often will dispense,  
And for an empty *sound*—desert the *sense*.  
Thus too, the hunter oft betrays his care,  
In chasing crafty fox or subtle hare;  
To pair his hounds, his ear directs his choice,  
Not to their strength or swiftness, but their voice.

But now, my modest invocation less  
Invites the Muse, to catch the game, than dress. 140  
Let others range the woods, the thicket beat,  
Or snatch the coney from his craggy seat;  
From tubes unerring nitrous death explode,  
And fluttering coveys on their shoulders load:  
Bag full five hundred pheasants in a day,  
And bear the callow grouse in carts away;  
With murder'd woodcocks charge the jackass' back,  
And leave wide havock in their ruthless track;  
Mine be the happier task to share the spoil,  
But not partake the cruelty nor toil. 150  
From the full larder, cater'd by their care,  
To cull with taste a sumptuous bill of fare:

Divide the victim, the broad altar raise,  
And from the crackling coal excite the blaze :  
Call forth the priest with alb and amice bound,  
His temples with their snow-white fillets crown'd ;  
Bid savory steams of morning incense rise,  
And curling volumes hide the mid-day skies,  
Plenty and Peace the sacrifice prolong,  
And Hunger take her fill of empty song.                   160

So shall the culinary art acquire,  
Bright as its own, a new poetic fire ;  
Be raised to rank of science, though as yet  
No Cyclopaedia ever thought of it :  
In its own calf-skins dress'd, on middle shelf,  
"Twixt Surgery and Medicine place itself.  
Thus, have you seen from offal and from dung,  
A mighty mushroom, in a night that spring,  
Between two healing simples force its way,                   169

More prized, and more admired, perhaps, than they.  
Or thus, from dregs of populace derived,  
By *scraping* arts, a miser has contrived

(As sly unseen to garret mounts the mouse)  
To climb unnoticed to the upper house;  
'Twixt two hereditary peers to sit;—  
With this distinction—'tis not by his wit.

I shall not dwell upon the earliest ages,  
But leave them to the antiquarian sages:  
Of what we nothing know to write's absurd !  
And Pope, with me, in this would have concurr'd; 180  
In him you find the substance of this line,  
He in his fashion says it, I in mine.

What fruits could such a barbarous period yield,  
When man disdain'd to cultivate his field?  
With his wide azure canopy content,  
He built no kitchen, and he pitch'd no tent:  
The moss his table-cloth, his table then  
Some polish'd rock, his dining room a den:  
The dripping cave, his cellar, could afford  
The purest beverage, and was amply stored; 190  
His couch, the leaves that autumn's hand had swept  
On which untester'd, he profoundly slept:—

I'll not persuade my friends with those to dine  
Who feed *themselves* on acorns, not their swine.

To Hesiod and Herodotus I come,  
And hope in Homer to be found at *home* :  
His heroes fill their stomachs ere they fight;  
(But poorer poets, ere they eat, must write;)  
Their meat was mostly dress'd on spits of iron  
Μίστυλον τ' ἄρα τ' ἄλλα, καὶ ἄμφ' ὀξελῶσιν ἐπειραν. 200  
The son of Peleus would contented dine,  
With friend Patroclus, on a Lycian chine.  
In honour of his lord, Eumæus dress'd  
Two smoking hogs, and help'd him to the best;  
Two of the fattest from the royal sty,  
But added neither pudding, *puff*, nor pie.  
Huge Ajax' hunger feast our cookery mocks :  
He roasted not entire, but boil'd his ox.  
Sweet days of peace a milder meal afford,  
When white-arm'd damsels deck the gayer board, 210  
In silver canisters the bread dispose,  
And place the fragrant cates in tempting rows :

With nice ablutions of the limpid wave,  
From soil or stain, the shining table save ;  
The inspiring juice with rosy fingers pour,  
And with the red libation dye the floor.

Reports of great antiquity avow  
That the unmuzzled ox, or lowing cow,  
First thrash'd the grain they were allow'd to eat :—  
For then no crushing, winnowing mills we meet :— 220  
The ancient manners now approach'd by ours ;  
Our cattle re-assert their predial powers.

The Ruths of early times the field would glean,  
Through rounder fingers the round grain would screen.  
The bursting wheat from the rough catkin draw  
And from its calyx segregate, and straw ;  
Shake the awn'd barley from its wiry coat,  
And, from its nodding panicle, the oat ;  
With ruddy lips, the ready air excited  
To puff away the withered ears, or blighted : 230  
Though, as they blew the prickly husk around  
The tender chin, the bristly beard would wound.

The housewives too, would grind their flour and bake,  
And on the embers torrify their cake.

'Twas for such arts, that women then were wed ;  
But some would burn their fingers, some their bread.

"Tis true, Calypso to Cyllenius gave  
An elegant repast, but this I wave ;  
Nor let us tell those secrets in our song  
Which to the kitchen of the gods belong. 240

Through the enchanting borders of her isle,  
The blooming Year was always seen to smile ;  
Autumn and Spring still danced before her grot :  
Summer was ever there, but Winter not.

Vintage and Harvest, for the goddess' use,  
Presents eternal struggled to produce :  
Their richest stores unsparely would lend,  
And bid her nymphs their ivory hands extend :  
On the broad elm, ramiferous o'er head,  
The vine its racemiferous branches spread ; 250  
The purple cluster lent its juice to sip,  
And bathed in liquid sweets the luscious lip.

Citron, and quince, and pomegranate, and peach,  
 Courted their eye, and hung within their reach.—  
 Yet our conserves they wanted, I'm afraid,  
 Our Guava jelly and our marmalade.  
 No barberry jam, nor candied lemon peel !  
 No caromel, ratafia, nor pastille !

Time was when Greece could not, for love nor money,  
 A greater luxury show than milk and honey : 260  
 Of delicacies *they* stood much in need,  
 Who scarce knew how their leaven'd lump to knead !  
 Enough for them, a little toasted meal !  
 With hunger season'd, 'twas a sumptuous *meal* !  
 They would have thought most nobly to regale ye  
 On the farina of the brown *secale*.

Not so their happier neighbours of the east,  
 Who, 'tis by some maintain'd, invented *yeast* :  
 Others, considering this a sorry jest,  
 Impeach the doctrine by pronouncing *yest*. 270  
 Which way you please, the Persian crowd adored  
 That light which could their sustenance afford :

Good sense had early taught them that this fire  
Philosophers and bakers both require :  
The rising Sun they worshipp'd, as you know,  
And saw his symbol in their rising dough ;  
Round as his orb, the swelling loaf would mould.  
And as he turn'd, upon its axis roll'd ;  
Fashion'd with plastic hand, as potters clay,  
And baked, like them, upon the solar ray.      280

Those more remote, more Oriental still,  
Went farther too in culinary skill :  
With simple fare they were not long contented,  
The seasoning science was by them invented ;  
And since that time their spices have, with reason,  
Never been reckon'd wholly out of *season*.  
Hot was their climate, hotter was their food ;  
They stews discover'd, who themselves were *stew'd* :  
Supinely laid in aromatic groves,  
They pluck'd the ammonium, cinnamon, and cloves : 290  
And thus they combated, with arts clandestine,  
The external warmth, by greater heat intestine.

Poor prostrate Asia was by Greece o'errun,  
And from her standard dropp'd the flaming sun :  
But Greece, cold Greece, herself, as years revolv'd,  
Before her rivals' kitchen fire dissolv'd.

'Twas then, one man, the wonder of the age,  
Crown'd by his countrymen with wreaths of *sage*,  
Opposed by simplest herbs the innovations  
Of arts that threaten'd to ensnare the nations. 300  
His name was Lyc :—yes, presently I'll tell,  
Of the Heraclides—began with L;  
It was not Lycyphron of tragic fame,  
Nor Lycus, no—Lyeurgus was the name ;  
Allspice he banish'd, pepper he evicted :  
Fermented liquors he, and meat, restricted :  
By sumptuary laws the people led,  
Assembled in one room, the nation fed ;  
In which, without a roof, and mighty airy,  
Content they held their frugal ordinary. 310  
How strange soever now it may be thought,  
The citizens their pie-nic supper brought ;

Their plums, their figs, their—any thing you please,  
Their onions, leeks, their celery, and cheese :—  
Their bread, their biscuit, bisk, and biscotin  
Swam in one indescribable tureen,  
In which they supp'd their democratic broth,  
Before the critics had skimm'd off the froth.

A certain Monarch, as we read in Tully  
Who on the anecdote dilates more fully, 320  
Wishing this celebrated mess to taste,  
A Helot cook prepared a dish in haste :—  
His golden spoon the eager Sovereign dips,  
And touches with the soup his prying lips;  
But soon, indignant, dashes to the ground  
And sputters all the foreign porridge round ;—  
“ What impudence,” he cries, “ can thus exult  
“ Our royal rank and palate to insult ? ”  
The trembling cook replies :—“ No jest is meant,  
“ This is, O King ! our boasted aliment ! 330  
“ The *sauce* it wants ! ”—“ And why not add it then ? ”—  
“ It wants,”—return'd the frightened slave again,

“ Dread Sir, to make it a delicious treat,  
“ That seasoning, those alone can add—who eat,  
“ Which by your Majesty will scarce be tried—  
“ Days on your hardest trotting nag to ride—  
“ In the cool stream your pliant limbs to lave,  
“ And stem, whole hours, Eurotas’ rapid wave !”

Athens, the patroness of other arts,  
Did not neglect the trade of making tarts : 340

When her sublime artificers she bred,

She saw distinctly that they must be fed.

For them, the birds confess’d her springes set,

And glittering shoals o’ercharged her fibrous net :

Though not the first, the skilfullest perhaps,

The goat and stag she snared in subtle traps ;

Through all her woods her wandering tenants sought,

And from their caverns to the block she brought.

Her brindled flocks would round her suburbs roar,

And pour her snowy breakfast at her door. 350

Artists in this unrivall’d town there were

Whose skill could chemic fricassees prepare,

To brace the strong, the languid to invite,  
And sharpen'd wit to whet the appetite :  
By these was *Attic salt* no doubt invented,  
The loss of which is now so much lamented.

A thousand volumes, by wise authors writ,  
Have not impoverish'd the subject yet.

Beyond the rest, Archestratus, the bard,  
Who sang of poultry, venison, and lard : 360  
Poet and cook—two wreaths his brows adorn,  
One of green bays, and one of yellow corn.

I he many larders saw, and many dairies,  
And how each cook his country's palate varies,  
Great name ! that with his patron's name shall shine  
Though less conspicuous, and though less divine ;  
As the bright satellite that Jove illumines,  
To emulate his parent light presumes.

Great man ! who taught his countrymen to eat,  
Each verse, each line—a precept, or receipt. 370  
In vain for us his wit or dishes fumed ;—  
*Edacious Time* has *all his works consumed*.

Ah ! rash experiment to soar like him,  
And o'er the festive board securely skim !  
My shoulders in his double robe invest,  
And dress a feast for ages to digest ;  
The irreparable loss perchance supply,  
And, borne on savory vapours, mount the sky ;  
Since immortalities 'tis thought arise  
From standard verse, as well as *standard* pies. 380  
So may my work descend to future nations,  
Relish'd by lips of rising generations ;  
And should the present race dislike my text,  
Let commentators hash it for the next ;  
Unfailing hope of wretched authours still,  
Posterity—shall every wish fulfil !

The minor wits brought minor herbs in use,  
And chopp'd each leaf, eliciting the juice :  
By pulverising made, and trituration,  
With salt and spice, a fine amalgamation : 390  
With sage and marjoram acquired the habit  
Of stuffing hare, or ortolan, or rabbit.

Leon, I think, his reputation got  
By adding afterwards a small shalot;  
He cramm'd his force-meat down each fish's throat,  
Of river, lake, of ocean and of moat.  
The shining conger, with his skin of pink,  
And lamprey dexterous, in the sand to sink ;  
Pike, in his lakes, the monarch of the flood,  
And slimy tench inherent in the mud ; 400  
His neighbour too, th' insinuating eel,  
That tortuous seems in every pore to feel.

To dwell too long upon one subject, dull is,  
How rich soe'er the garnish or the cullis.  
Yet justice to the dead compels to own,  
Peerless in' paste the great Thearion shone :  
The conscious flour, beneath his plastic hand,  
To wafers, comfits, grew at his command.  
Who could, but him, so cunningly contrive  
To infuse in cakes the rich Hyblaean hive ? 410  
That fragrant honey so much prized of old,  
In modern shops—Ah!—nowhere to be sold !

Lentini's bee would now disdain to crop  
The scatter'd seg upon Paderno's top :  
She taps the vapid nectary in vain ;  
Flora to distant realms transfers her reign.

Feasts once in Greece were delicate as rare ;  
Good humour, elegance, presided there.  
The purple couch was negligently press'd ;  
Active the mind, although the limbs at rest. 420  
The president was graced with name of king,  
And the power too—no doubt a better thing !

When Grecian manners are disposed of, no man  
But hurries forward to discuss the Roman.  
Long have these Romans kept their reputations,  
A nation they of kings, and kings of nations !  
'Twas strange their manners, simple as their diet,  
Could not procure them either rest or quiet !  
But what must most surprise and stimulate us,  
Are the young sprouts of warlike Cincinnatus. 430  
Cooks not yet crown'd, dictators were at most ;  
But still, where'er they came they *ruled the roast* :

These barbarous practices not long endured,  
To better government the times inured :  
No more the arguinent they would allow,  
That *he* must govern *men* who guides a plough :  
No difference in the *reins*, as it would seem,  
'Twere only driving of a *larger team*.  
Though conquerors in the field, they were unable  
Long to resist the pleasures of the table : 440  
Hence 'tis perhaps the adage has been learn'd,  
And this is what we mean by—*tables turn'd*.

The “*Gesta Romanorum*,” here we meet,  
But jests are spoil'd if we too oft repeat :  
Their *Consul-ate*, *Duumi- Decemvir-ate* :—  
Though rank I honour—greediness I hate.  
And from perusing their egregious *Fasti*,  
I cannot find that they could make a *pasty*.

Still on one hero all our eyes are cast,  
Almost the greatest, and almost the last. 450  
From the bright list what other could you cull us  
But that great epicure, *Lucius Lucullus* ?

His valour I respect ; but less admire  
 His fire of genius than his *kitchen fire*.  
 His overthrow of Pontic Mithridates  
 In every petty schoolboy's mouth of late is ;  
 Sink then the warrior, ask not who he beat,  
 But who he treated, and of what they eat.  
 Victor of Olthacus and of Tigranes,  
 His credit not a little in the wane is : 460  
 But those who read their Plutarch may remember—  
 The time, I think, the calends of December—  
 With what extreme magnificence and pomp, he  
 Regaled Cratippus, Cicero, and Pompey.—  
 His suppers gain'd him greater credit far,  
 Than harnessing four Monarchs to his car.  
 Alone and musing as he sat, one day,  
 A thing which rarely happen'd, by the way,  
 The groom in waiting, thinking to surprise,  
 Inquired—if forty dishes would suffice ? 470  
 “ No, certainly,” he cries ;—“ add forty more ;  
 “ When have you furnish'd fewer than four-score ?

“ What—if no óther guest I should invite,

“ Lucullus with Lucullus sups to night !”

Without incurring risk of antedating,

Here I may place the gentlemen in waiting:

Grooms of the bed-chamber and of the stole;

Ushers and stewards, yeomanry a shoal;

Carvers, beef-eaters, cup-bearers, purveyors,

Scriveners and porters, *laureates*, and surveyors ; 480

Valets in ordinary, butlers, pages,

And cook, with most extraordinary wages.

He was then no stipendiary knave,

To drudge in pantries, or in sculleries slave :

And master of the kitch'en was of course

A *warmer place* than master of the horse.

We read, one evening as he took his wine,

Marc Antony—(mark ! not Marc Antoniue,)

Whose cook would half the Roman empire stew,—

In honour of a delicate ragout,

490

That pleased the palate of the Egyptian Queen,

(The finest thing, perhaps, that had been seen !)

Presented to the artist that had made it,

(An author of veracity has said it,)

A spacious city, with its streets and houses,

All its inhabitants,—and all their spouses;

A free imperial borough on the spot,

With all dependancies, both scot and lot !

Such was the grandeur of the Roman name :

What borough-monger now would do the same? 500

But rather, for a seat on Stephen's wall,

Barter his dinner, stews, his cook, and all !

Before the lapse of short two hundred years

The name of great Apicius appears :

He—pickled oysters sent to Trajan's camp;—

His name to any dish would give a stamp;

And in the brilliant ages that succeed,

Made a great breach in Epicurus' creed :

For many centuries the schism lasting,

Was cured at length by temperance and fasting. 510

Still many grave physicians and logicians

Gladly enrol themselves—among the Apicians.

Philosophers, we find but three or four  
Among the Cæsars—gluttons by the score:  
With what voracity they would devour  
Whole provinces' revenues in an hour !  
Preferring oft a fricandeau of *veal*,  
To their own safety and the public *veal*:  
By riot, luxury, and by profusion,  
*Sapping* their own and country's constitution: 520  
To gratify their most fastidious palate,  
*Staking* sometimes their credit—for a sallet;  
Or for one meal, which infinitely worse is,  
For one poor meal—ten millions of sesterces !

Ahenobarbus, with his brazen beard,  
Also to have an iron *tongue* appear'd.  
With parting ray, how oft would Phœbus gild  
His sparkling banquet as the cup was fill'd !  
How oft has found him—with returning light,  
Prolonging still the revels of the night ! 530  
Thongh Vesper warn'd his orgies to give o'er,  
Aurora found him—reeling on the floor :

Vicious he was—acknowledge it I must,  
Revengeful, proud, remorseless, and unjust;  
Yet I would fain distinguish—for my part,  
Discriminate his stomach from his heart.

By all accounts, the execrable Nero  
Was no great epicure—though not a hero,  
And Claudius found the imperial palate tickled  
By love of glory less—than mushrooms pickled. 540

Caligula, whose sirname should require  
Its owner to possess a throat of fire,  
Would, unconcern'd, and void of all remorse,  
Oft seat himself at table with his horse.

The worthier beast in marble stalls was fed,  
His halter pearls, and cloth of gold his bed;  
And as the gilded barley he devour'd,  
The imperial hand the ivory manger scour'd; 550  
O'er his sleek hide the embroider'd robe would slip,  
And press'd the massy goblet to his lip:  
Then raised, which must still more exasperate us.  
To the Pontificate his Inc'tatus.

Different the literary feasts of Geta,  
In Greek the letter he preferr'd was—*eta* :  
Of his vernacular and vulgar tongue  
Would eat the alphabet the whole day long.—

Unmindful of disgrace and of disasters,  
Such was the world's great mistress:—such her masters !

What cares will mighty Monarchs discompose !

One brilliant morn, unconquer'd Cæsar rose,      560  
*Cloudy* his brow, but with an air *serene*,  
He bids the officious senate to convene :  
The purple mantle o'er his limbs is spread,  
While wreaths of bays and myrtle crown his head :  
When thus his lips the painful silence broke—  
His anxious heart felt lighter as he spoke :  
    “ Pillars of ancient Rome—*Conscript Sires* !  
    “ Whose acts are *transcripts* of our just desires ;  
    “ I come not now to agitate with you,  
    “ As in the barbarous times they wont to do,      570  
    “ Points of municipal or civil law,  
    “ With war to *gladden*, or with peace to *awe* :

“ Not to decree a triumph o'er Illyria,  
“ Nor send Proconsuls into Spain or Syria :—  
“ Oh ! were they but contingencies like these,  
“ Your silent vote would regulate with ease.  
“ 'Tis no such problem now that meets your eyes.  
“ No—'tis a turbot of enormous size :  
“ And the perplexities our choice distress,  
“ Not who partake of it—but how to dress.”      580

With *sharpest* wit, some hastily decide  
At once, the imperial monster to divide ;  
Cut at one stroke the fish—and *gordian* knot,  
But the majority determine—not,  
And pass a bill to widen and enlarge  
The pan Cæsarean, at the public charge ;  
Then as a rider add a *sweeping* clause,  
Which meets with loud, unanimous applause,  
To lengthen, strengthen, fortify, extend,  
And the imperial stomach—to amend :      590

Referr'd —to the profoundest of their thinkers  
To form a grand committee—of *state tinkers*.

A thousand anecdotes I could relate  
Of ancient feasting in its earliest state,  
From Pliny, Appian, and Marcellinus ;  
But to these few our limits must confine us :—

The *hungry* reader will be now the winner,  
The present age must dress and go to dinner.

From poets' larders much is not expected ;  
Their cookery, alas ! too long neglected :— 600

Their true position in the house, as yet,  
The furthest from the kitchen they could get.  
For warmth, their ample range above they beat—  
But in their *range* below find little heat.  
O'er his steep hill incessantly they follow  
Their patron god—the luminous Apollo ;  
Forgetting oft, the higher that we go  
The ground is deeper clad in frost and snow !

I wish not so sublimely yet to starve,  
But at my frugal board to cut and carve :— 610  
My southern pane admits the tepid ray,  
But my Virandah screens the scorching day :

By rising Suns, my western banks behold,  
My eastern by the setting—tipt with gold.  
One lonely cot, one only knoll I boast,  
No forked hill adorns this modest coast ;  
Pleased in these vales, contented I could dwell,  
But little want—yet cook that little well:  
Blest, while MARIA—all my breast inspires,  
I ask no other guest—no other fires.

620

Such sunny dells, Delille has nobly sung,  
And with his verse the green retreats have rung:  
Enchanting harmony, melodious rhyme,  
Are now the produce of our age and clime ;  
We think that his the charms of nature are ;  
He paints her beauties—and she looks more fair :  
From the gay wardrobe of his fancy dress'd  
With brighter radiance as she stood confess'd,  
Pleased with the robe he wove, benign she smiled,  
Inspired her pupil, and approved her child.

630

By him, the hind in rural comforts clad,  
The harass'd husbandman again looks glad :

They pace with him across the damask'd mead,  
Their daisied path, with renovated speed ;  
Or when at noon the hospitable glade  
With arms fraternal weaves its chequer'd shade,  
Beneath the spreading beech—Virgilian tree !  
They plunge with him—in deeper reverie.  
At home they find—what they expected least,  
That Kindness there has pre-arranged their feast: 640  
The feast I mean—of mental recreation,  
The social charm of polish'd conversation ;  
Or bid enlivening loto for a while,  
Or cogitative chess, the eve beguile.

This I behold, a gratified spectator,  
Yet lack I one thing—in this *fête champêtre* :  
I should rejoice, this man of fields at last  
Were fairly seated—at his plain repast :  
What ! labour always for the head and heart !  
Shall not the stomach vindicate her part ? 650

But since this task your lofty wits decline,  
Let us the table spread, and ask to dine :  
Oh ! may the reader, relishing the fare,  
In favour of the treat—the author spare.

## CANTO II.

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### FIRST COURSE.

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YE, in Nature's liveliest mood, who born,  
Bask in the sunshine of your smiling morn ;  
Whose souls entranced, no banquet own, besides  
That illusory feast which Love provides ;  
Who feed on sentiment, or fasting sit,  
To win the fair by poetry or wit ;—  
Ah ! little heed ye, as ye pleasure quaff,  
The grinning masks that round the goblet laugh !  
Nor think, until the potent beverage works  
Beneath the visor'd face, that treachery lurks.      10  
The scorns, disquietudes, the scoffs, and fears,  
The biting taunts, the hot and briny tears,

The bitter dregs how little ye beware ;  
How Jealousy may mix her poison there,  
Or Want with thirsty lip the cup may drain,  
Or Madness spread the fumes around the brain,  
Or wild Profusion scatter it around,  
Or fell Despair may dash it on the ground !

When soft Temptation woos you to her breast,

And Beauty lulls you in her arms to rest, 20

E'en then, when stretch'd on the voluptuous down,

The sly, capricious god himself may frown ;

And the perfidious Fair around your head,

May plant those horrors that our natures dread.

Lift ye your eyes obtesting to the sky,

What see ye there,—the rack that hurries by !

In vain the flowing stream your vows attest,

The rapid current nothing knows of rest.

You call the oaks to witness the deceit,

In prostration at their aged feet,—

But *hearts of oak*, alas ! can feel no pain :

Your feet shall slide while *theirs* unmoved remain.

The conscious grove, the witness of your tale,  
Now listens only to the *ruder gale* :—  
The Loves that beckon'd to their wanton sport,  
Are all blown upwards to the Paphian Court.

Come then, and learn in my didactic song,  
Joys that to solid appetites belong :  
Those lasting pleasures let me recommend,  
That with the year commence, nor with it end ; 40  
Coeval with the crepuscule of morn,  
Nor yet with evening twilight droop forlorn ;  
But, gently dormant through the peaceful night,  
Wake with the Sun, and call to fresh delight.  
Thus too the village vestal, through the dark,  
Preserves and renovates her *languid spark* ;  
The half-burnt ashes of the turf will sweep,  
And latent heat concentrate in the heap :  
The expiring gleed with cautious fingers scrapes,  
And her diminutive volcano shapes : 50  
Unconscious, that the hand of Love, the same,  
In her soft bosom feeds a smother'd flame.

But ere the Earth has half perform'd a turn,  
Eager she flies to make the fagot burn :  
Warm'd by her touch, the obedient embers shine,  
She throws fresh fuel, and explodes the mine ;  
With dexterous care the superstructure lays,  
And with her breath rekindles to a blaze ;  
Nature's free bellows and self-taught to blow,  
The warmth is from within, without 'tis snow : 60  
With sparkling eyes she sees the flame aspire,  
To light at once, and satisfy desire ;  
With rapturous ear she hears the kettle boil,  
Reward of Labour and support of Toil.

E'en Age, whose wrinkled brow distinctly speaks  
That Care must terminate his sportive freaks,  
Whose step infirm, and shaking frame, make known,  
Not only that his wildest oats are *sown*,  
But that his aching bones can scarce sustain  
Their *produce* of infirmity and pain ; 70  
Beneath the besicles that shield his eyes,  
Sad *spectacle* himself! delighted spies

The enticing rows of savoury viands fume,  
And redolent of strength perfume the room:  
The long-lost smile across his cheek is brought,  
And Youth and Health return again—in thought.

The way-worn beggar who subsists on alms,  
Finds in his harden'd crust a thousand charms :  
His wallet see—how eagerly he opes,  
Concentred there his fortune, meal, and hopes. 80  
In the dry orts that griping Avarice grudged,  
For which o'er flints his shoeless feet have trudged,  
Haply shall he a sweeter relish find  
Than he that gave, in millions left behind.

The wretched convict stretch'd upon the ground.  
While Infamy and Famine stare around,  
From the dark floor of his polluted cell,  
Who hears piacular his passing knell :—  
(If the stern jailor, touch'd by his condition,  
Grant a coarse morsel to his last petition,) 96  
Sees a faint comfort gleam around his grate,  
And more composed resigns himself to fate :

The sterile scraps no nourishment promote,  
And Nature's vow is *strangled* in the throat.

Think not, to my contemporaries, I  
Would counsel obsolete depravity :  
Let others broil their mutton in the fleece,  
Or barbecue a hog entire, in *Greece* :  
I yield the palm, nor can instruct you how  
To boil a bullock or to roast a cow.

100

But if the oxen-swallowing mode prevail,  
Let us not think of choking with the tail,  
But still this giant Gluttony pursue,  
And take—a sucking elephant, and stew :  
Harpoon a whale, and souse it well in *port*,  
Like carp, or fishes of a lesser sort.—  
At top a buffalo, side-dish sea-calf,  
Centre a seal, at bottom a giraffe :—  
What self-adjusting stomach, or what table,  
Long to sustain such viands would be able ?

110

Soon should we find our appetites to flag,  
And ship these dishes off for Brobdignag.

But now these things are better understood,  
And different times demand a different food,  
And other food far other strains requires,  
And other strains are warm'd by other fires :  
Poor *puny* judges, what our tastes excites,  
To emulate our fathers' appetites ?  
We nicely weigh what's in or out of season ;  
Theirs was the Age of *Sense*, and ours of Reason ! 120  
Such are our lights, it clearly would be deem'd  
Monstrous to touch the *lights* that they esteem'd.  
Though we pretend to better *hearts* than they,  
'Then were they better *livers*, in their way.—  
Amongst philosophers, the variance such,  
Some *think* too little, and some *eat* too much.  
Some are so eager in pursuit of trnht,  
They grant no time for sustenance, forsooth ;  
Some with great stomachs, but without decorum,  
Will gorge with any thing you set before 'em. 130  
Brave ancient worthies, healthy, great, and strong !  
When we would censure you, we censure wrong.

Ye knew not osteology of flies,  
Nor Melancholy to anatomize,  
But, set before a sirloin, ye could carve,  
Nor in the midst of plenty would ye starve.  
We must allow of prejudice divested,  
Your dinners well, your *poor-laws* ill digested :  
Nor can I, with some modern writers, see  
Great odds in our perfectibility. 140  
But why concern myself with vague conjectures ?  
'Tis time to turn our course to other lectures.

Would you succeed in this abstruse profession,  
'Tis to be wish'd you had in your possession,—  
Or not enjoying, let it be your aim,  
To get—on banks of Tamer or of Thame,  
Or ruddy Severn, or the silver Trent,  
Not, as in aneient times, a canvass tent,  
But some tall mansion elegant and grand,  
Whose spacious offices a rood expand ; 150  
Whose smoking chimnies to the country round  
Tell where Conviviality is found :

Or else some villa hire, or castle take,  
On the smooth borders of a limpid lake,  
By Repton taught, with sinuous shores to flow,  
And with Vitruvian bridge confined below ;  
That bares its bosom to the southern breeze,  
And hides from Boreas in umbrageous trees.  
Such may you find upon the Thames or Avon.

In Middlesex, in Somerset, in Devon :— 160

Or if these regions fascinate you less,  
Repair to Anjou, Anvergne, or Bresse ;  
The fertile banks of the Garonne explore,  
The spunny Rhone, or easy-winding Loire ;  
Or where two amicable streams unite,  
Lyons to charm, most amiable sight !  
There Nature all her delicacies pours,  
The task is to collect, and make them ours.

The Muse, uncircumscribed by time or space,  
Is wedded to no climate and no place ; 170  
To all, her labours and instruction lend ;  
To all, her hospitable care extends.

Ah ! who shall man this wiser lesson give,  
To live, and yet to let his neighbour live !  
That all, related to each other, stand  
From the Antarctic sea to Arctic land !—  
Shall Nature's rivers, oceans, hills, divide  
Those links of kindred, Nature's hand has tied ?  
My brother here, and shall he then no more  
Be call'd my brother on warm Afric's shore !      180  
Let bards be free, from narrow views at least,  
And make all nations welcome to their feast.

Next choose your cook : on him devolve the weight  
And management of your subaltern state.  
From him must all the inferior orders learn :  
He the prime minister of your concern.  
To him, exalted charge ! you must commit  
The simmering stewpan and the shining spit,  
The drudger, salt-box, cullender and skewer,  
To save your bacon,—*doctor* it, and—*cure*.      190  
In such a case, be cautious to engage ;  
Mistrust is good in this deceitful age.

For from his care alone, when thus elected,  
Can your fine taste or table be respected,  
Your fire be lighted, or your genius praised,  
Or crumbling fabric of your fame be raised :  
Your name, amongst imposing names enroll'd,  
In distant lands and foreign climes be told.

How singularly fortunate, who can  
This *Rara Avis* meet, this proper man ;  
Who, conscious of his own unrivall'd powers, 200  
Far over all his fellow-creatures towers ;  
Who, bred originally to the—*bar*,  
Thinks he may treat his master on a par ;  
Like his profession, luminous and bright,  
And, *in his own opinion*, always right.  
His pride to kindle, not to quench a flame,  
And wake the passions, not by reason tame :  
With ample range of powers, and powers of range,  
And well prepared this side or that to change : 210  
Still in the vehemence of action cool  
Who tries with patience, and condemns by rule,

As grave, as dignified, as those, and big,  
Who wear a larger, not a whiter wig :  
He sends alike, with firm unfaltering breath,  
The tenderest fowl, or toughest ox to death.—  
No Persian Sultan, whose despotic power  
Takes any subject's head at any hour,  
Can with a more imperious air confine  
Or to the bow-string his satrap consign,      220  
Than he a goose to execution sends,  
And not one muscle of his brow unbends !  
His visage grave, his aspect rough and stern,  
Yet will his reddening cheek unconscious burn,  
When, listening at the door, with joy he hears  
The master's praises, and the stranger's cheers.  
Heroes and cooks this stimulus require ;  
'Tis but for this they brave the *hottest fire* !  
His art he loves : would you his aid implore,  
Thus mild bespeak him on his sandy floor :—      230  
“ Renown, my friend, your eulogy has spoke,  
“ Nor can I deem such fame an empty *smoke* :

“ Let those who prize your talents share, and deign  
“ O'er these submissive slaves to hold the rein :  
“ No laws shall your autocracy control ;  
“ Command as Sovereign Lord, direct the whole !  
“ As sorcerers, beneath their cups, with skill,  
“ Invisibly their balls can roll at will,  
“ So you, far greater conjuror than they,  
“ Your *balls* beneath my covers shall convey : 240  
“ That when removed, the ponderous mass and bright,  
“ More pleasing objects may allure the sight ;  
“ Aemé of taste, perfection of the art !  
“ That vibrates from the palate to the heart !  
“ Charm'd by your *tongue*, my rambling friends shall sit.  
“ Devour your dainties, and admire my wit !  
“ While in the mouth of the delighted guest,  
“ Your *sauce* shall give each joke a higher zest.”

Excited thus, the fervour of his zeal  
Shall the great treasures of his mind reveal ; 250  
Thus in your honour'd lap, from hour to hour,  
His brightest favours shall Vertumnus pour :

And thus, confiding in your sage preceptor,  
Comus to you transfer his ivory sceptre.

Now to his task ;—the carpet clear—behold !  
The drawing-room its yawning valves unfold.  
Encircling chairs encumber all the floor,  
And raps, with long pulsations, drum the door.  
O'er the spruce lawn, the sprucer files approach,  
In slender vis-a-vis, and ampler coach :— 260  
As through the hall the company advance,  
Silent they cast a wistful, side-long glance ;  
“ Mirth in each eye, and hunger in each breast,  
“ The plates they view—and fancy all the rest.”  
Now see, the formidable circle set :  
“ What, Sanders ! is not dinner ready yet ?”—  
Not so,—with desultory talk and gay,  
Yet a long hour their craving stomachs stay :  
Tumult below, and agitation all !  
Activity and bustle, great and small ! 270  
See, in one hand, the cook a *cookhold* hold,  
His well-girt loins in linen ephod roll'd :

The other brandishes a salamander:  
The assistants close around their great commander.  
With hydro-carbonates they feed the fire;  
The ashes fall, the bickering flames aspire.  
The furnace, with reverberation hot,  
Paints his red face with many a scarlet spot.  
Full thirty saucepans, all of different height,  
Grimy their bottoms, but their covers bright, 280  
With half-closed lids, shut and uplifted often,  
In ambient tides the fibrous masses soften.  
The firm gridiron, through its channell'd bars,  
Sucks the warm gravy as the steak it chars.  
'Twice two resplendent spits, with slow rotation,  
Promoting gently nice inteneration,  
As on their axes the dead game they roll,  
Deeply imbrown it by the white live coal.  
Near, and more near their chief, whose orders scare,  
The fearful scullions crowd with eager care. 290  
But he, far otherwise, serene, sedate,  
Sees each, with anxious eye, his mandate wait:

His person to the warmest fire exposed;

His active mind nor posed nor discomposed.

Some Marshal thus, upon the bloody field,

Whose enemies, though *beat*, refuse to *yield*,

Ripens his growing plans into maturity,

And from experience derives security;

Seems at the roar of kettle-drums to scoff,

And shakes the involuntary tremors off. 300

What ! though his breast some slight emotion feel,

His sterner muscles not a thought reveal.

To his own soul the mighty plan's confined,

The execution to his troops consign'd.

Blind instruments ! unconscious of their use,

Astonish'd at the work their *arms* produce.

He flanks his wings, and his reserve prepares,

His solid columns and his hollow squares :

Through all his lines he sends his piercing eyes,

The strong he strengthens, and the weak supplies: 310

Midst fire and smoke hears clanging brass resound,

While dust and blood are sprinkled all around !

"Tis past!—and, lo! the louder murmurs cease;  
The fire subsides—and all the world's at peace!  
Now laughing Victory rears her florid head,  
Regales the living, and inhumes the dead:  
From smoke and ashes like the Phœnix springs,  
Crowns the proud victor, and "Non Nobis" sings.

Again on high and soot-besprinkled shelf,  
The culinary ordnance rears itself. 320

No more it feels the waves and flames unite,  
As leathern lungs intensity excite;

But rank'd in order, elegant and proper,  
Here well-scor'd iron, there well-burnish'd copper:

And, with still more magnificence to fill it,  
Preserving pan of brass and shining skillet!

Insidious tool! that, traitorous oft and fell,  
Against the hand that holds it will rebel:

Beneath the covering of a wholesome crust,  
Mortiferous conceals its verdant rust; 330

From which the suffering bowel oft complains  
Of writhing colic and tormenting pains.

Look to this metal, would you live secure ;  
Sharp its effect, and difficult to cure ;  
Heroes to escape it often are unable,  
Shun in the field—then meet it at the table !

Of bright Carara pure, without a flaw,  
The mortar opes his ponderous marble jaw :  
Not that by which our villages are burn'd,  
Castles are fired, and cities overturn'd :— 340  
That ploughs the ground, and furrows up the main,  
Till Desolation only tracks the plain ;—  
But that, by ripening process, which matures  
The gifts of Ceres for my use and yours ;  
Bids their soft pulp with Asia's spices glow,  
Or cools and freshens with December's snow :  
Blest Alchemy ! that can with magic skill,  
A thousand juices in one dish instill.  
Blest art ! by which confectioners can bake  
Ten thousand sweets in one delicious cake ; 350  
See there, invention of a dexterous age,  
Firm in the wall immured, in smoky cage,

The ingenious engine to the bricks appends,  
Which to the spit velocity extends.  
In wheels and pivots, it may fairly vie  
With the nice pendulum that vibrates by ;  
Yet in utility it far surpasses  
All clocks and watches, minute and hour glasses,  
By how much better 'tis to dress your meat,  
Than know, exactly, at what hour you eat.        560  
But lost that name that boasts the happy lot  
To excel an Arnold or an Elicot.

Ah ! what sweet concord to the greedy ear,  
When Hunger calls, the shrill response to hear—  
How great his cestasy, how great his luck,  
Who sees, suspended to its chain, his *duck* !  
His pigeon, turkey, widgeon, or his teal,  
Adapt their motions to the measured wheel !  
Appear again almost to breathe and live,  
And from the blaze their russet coats receive !        570  
While the mild music of these rolling spheres  
Might offer charms for even Orpheus' ears !

Had he but lived till *our harmonious feasts*,  
He would have *follow'd*—not have *led*, the beasts.

Ye who would health and luxury combine,  
Choose well the important hour at which to dine;  
Nor always wait upon the lingering day,  
Till your sash glitters with the parting ray;  
But rather the uncivil light exclude,

Would it on your festivities intrude; 380

Since plate and jewell'd fair 'tis said at night  
In borrow'd lustre will appear more bright.

Nor suffering let your yearning bowels pine  
With those who after supper-time would dine.

Thus, passing all your mornings unemploy'd,  
And half of your existence unenjoy'd.

Leave this to him whose evanescent means  
His mouth from all superfluous victuals weans;

Compell'd, hard fate! to share his waning store  
Between the greedy rich and needy poor! 390

For you your countless flocks and wide domain  
Yield the large increase of the fertile plain:

Triptolemus on you his treasures showers,  
But to enjoy them you may choose your hours.

Would you eat long, voluptuously, and well,  
Let at the royal twelve your silver bell  
Summon from park, from pleasure-ground, or lake,  
With welcome sound, your wholesome meal to take.

“ At twelve!—was ever such a monster seen,      399

“ ’Tis twelve at night, Sir, surely, you must mean !”

“ At twelve! ”—why all the fashion of the age  
Will on the gothic author vent their rage:  
Send me to *Corentry*, or some lone cot,  
To dine with rustics on their hodge-podge pot.—  
I fly with Pleasure, with Hygeia sup,  
And dine with her—an hour before they’re up;  
And when they wake the Night with clamorous roar,  
On my hard bed contentedly I snore.

With relish would you taste your rich repast,  
”Tis appetite must make that relish last,      410  
If the great Orator did right to say  
That eloquence in action, action lay:

And will you ask me, appetite comes whence ?

*A fortiori* I should answer—thence.

You want, what you may think an idle notion.

Perpetual exercise ! perpetual motion !

A substitute for bread, your poorer neighbour.

But *you* require—a *substitute* for labour !

Go then, when light and health Aurora pours,

And seek the wild-duck on his swampy shores ; 420

Or let the drake, expert to rise and sink,

Court with slow dalliance on the sedgy brink :

Or to the marge entice, demurely set,

The finny wanderers to your wily net :

Nature, to tempt your early eye to wakc.

With speckled game has peopled every brake :

With kind attention different tastes she suits ;

The pool with fishes stores, the banks with brutes.

Nor let on mountain top the bounding roe,

*Ungrazed* by your unerring bullet, go : 430

Nor huntsman o'er the fallow plough his track.

Till your known voice incite the lively pack.

Laden with honours, home when you repair,  
See the bright plumage glad your infant heir :  
Pleased with the glossy vest that Nature dyes,  
The future sportsman sparkles in his eyes !

But, if you hunt not, angle not, nor shoot,  
Select some worthier object and pursuit :  
Survey the boundaries of your predial reign,  
And view the progress of the rising grain ; 440  
Your oats Tartarian, and Canadian wheat :  
You kale, your rutabaga, and your beet :  
Visit your limitary huts, and see  
Where cleanliness reside, and industry.  
Haply morality may there remind,  
She's not to dwellings of the rich confined :  
And unsophisticate, pure ethies teach.  
What in the lecture-room they could not reach.  
Will you not cry, ' What must the smoke-stain'd cot  
' Content inhabit,—and my mansion not ? ' 450  
There may your looks console, your purse relieve !  
Still happier they who give – than who receive !

Pride places man from man too far, and why ?  
You may your labourer's wants, he yours, supply.  
Nature has order'd both,—to eat and work ;  
Send him your pottage, and you take—his fork :  
Snatch from his hand the pickaxe and the spade,  
And by your arm be lordly trenches made !  
Through these o'er all your thirsty meadows pour,  
In gushing rills the fertilizing shower : 460  
Drive your own team, and furrow your own field,  
And let the clods before your coulter yield :  
With your own strength correct your stubborn land,  
And teach the soil to know his *master's* hand :  
No idle taunts from fashionables fear,  
But act the Emperor of China here.  
Vault on the courser's back, whose ears uncrop'd,  
Whose honours no flagitious steel has lop'd ;  
Govern his sinewy neck with dexterous rein,  
His course encourage, and his starts restrain. 470  
How nimbly the elastic hoofs rebound,  
And frequent print the crescent on the ground !

He needs nor goading spur, nor shameful scourge,  
Up slope or steep his willing steps to urge;  
O'er the thick hedge, impervious to the eye,  
You feel him mount, and almost seem to fly:  
The massy gate's quintuple ribs of oak  
He clears sublime,—and not a *rib* is broke!

Thus, torpid sloth, indulgence thus forsake,  
And pleasure on her fleeting wing o'ertake: 480  
From fruits that you consume, a relish earn,  
And what the sauce of health and hunger, learn.  
Thus shall your care, life's unbought graces gain—  
A vigorous body, and a mind that's sane.

Now spread the table, and from end to end,  
With superadded leaf and leaf extend.  
Smooth as the glassy lake, its face should show  
The other faces, as they come and go:  
Spotless and white the flaxen covering fling,  
Where silken flowers from satin baskets spring; 490  
But first the soft substratum interpose,  
Nor careless corner the deceit disclose.

The fleece well tinctured from the labour'd loom  
Of Bruton, Stroud, of Chippenham, or Frome ;  
No matter purple—or the vivid green,  
For 'tis a comfort to be felt, not seen :  
Thus will the argent flakes at early dawn  
In dazzling brightness clothe the verdant lawn,  
And thus the emerald slip, (a birthday's pride,)  
The rustling folds of snowy tissue hide.                   500

Draw forth the Grecian chairs;—their sloping backs,  
Ingrailed in bronze, and starr'd with burnish'd tacks,  
With sparkling salt the golden scallops grace,  
And silver fork and spoon alternate place ;  
For knives let India send the splendid haft,  
The winds the blades from Dalecarlia waft.

Beneath a load of plate the sideboard groan,  
Or of your ancestors, or of your own,  
Waiter, epergne and tankard, beaker, vase,  
With bossy crest and coat superbly blaze,                   510  
And salver radiant as the orb'd moon,  
Rising through stars and planets to her noon :

If in the field some straggling crescents grow,  
More intermarriages—they serve to show.  
There rampant griffins too, with barbed paws,  
Shall guard the shield with formidable claws,  
Or unicorn that golden fetters scorns,  
Or stag with amplitude of branching horns ;  
Cheeky and fret, and erminois and vair,  
Compony and counter-compony be there,— \*440  
Two mules, two monkeys, monks, or musketeers ;  
Three spades, three spurs, three spindles, or three  
spears.

Some pretty monster, saint, or quaint devise,  
A wyvern, basilisk, or cockatrice.

From the coved ceiling your saloon display,  
The plastic power of gypsum and of clay,  
And draw around your head a wreath of flowers,  
To shame the Petworth halls and Chatsworth bowers,  
In which your gazing guests acknowledge how well,  
The chissel's task's accomplished by the trowel. \*450  
Aloft, inverted nature, they admire,  
Where stems descend and radicles aspire :

Where pendent plants exotic branches shoot,  
Tops that hang down, and upwards climbing root :—  
Round the lapideous tuft, corymbus, whirl,  
Umbel or bunch petrescent tendrils curl :—  
Smooth from the spatula, heart-shaped, or awl,  
The winged leaflets stretch along the wall :—  
To marble florets and cretaceous leaves,  
The *stony* fruit with fond adhesion cleaves ;      \*460  
Yet in so forward, such a temping state,  
It seems prepared to drop into your plate.

The sober stucco hides its modest head,  
Beneath the tints that Reinagle has spread :  
Here blushing buds to exhale a fragrance seem,  
Breathed on by Raisch, Van Huysum, or De Heem.  
There still alive, still life of Campidoglio,  
Pines, melons, artichokes,—gigantic Oggio !  
Those animals that Berchem taught to live,  
Now to *his* name prolong'd existence give ;      \*470  
Ye lively creatures of imagination—  
Your author gone, how well ye keep your station !

Sneider's soft swans that languishingly lie,  
Might almost tempt some modern Leda's eye,  
And such rich hues yon golden tail illume,  
Juno might own the eye-bespangled plume:—  
That roebuck which has bled these hundred years,  
Fresh from the steel, and scarcely cold appears;  
And those stanch lurchers, with unerring aim,  
In the strong canvass scented the tainted game.      \*480  
Let Brueghel boast, that in their velvet grove,  
To speak his praise, his feather'd songsters rove.—  
A flight more difficult to fame has he,  
Who rises on dead wings—to immortality!  
    'Tis not for me, with trite enumeration,  
To count the various kinds of sustentation.  
Your valet now may enter with his load;  
Enough for poets if they show the road;  
Like the rude guide-post, some a *parson* call,  
That points the way, but never stirs at all:      \*490  
Nor is it for a Muse, discreet and sage,  
With superfluities to cram her page.—

O'er trivial matters, 'tis her care to haste,  
 She pays her homage—to judicious taste !  
 Should she rehearse the fritters and the fries,  
 The podovies, the patties, pasties, pies,  
 The Easter offerings of our civic board,  
 'Twould fill more reams than poets could afford.

He, who conceives it is a *desiderium*,  
 To salt his mangoes and his claterium; \*500  
 Or, still more curious, who aspires to make  
 Chantilly baskets, or a Shrewsbury cake;  
 Or whip his cream, his syllabub, and *trifle*,  
 The sheets of Rundell and of Smith may rifle.  
 To him, the “House-wife’s Pocket-book” I’ll lend,  
 Or, the last “Pastry-cook’s Assistant” send.  
 If more receipts he wishes, let him seek ’em  
 In that great work, “The Lady’s Vade-mecum !”  
 If ’tis a female would her sex surpass,  
 I’ll give, inestimable boon ! my “*Glass!*” \*510  
 What but for these compendious useful books,  
 Would have become of half our modern cooks ?

Who think, like butter, reputation comes  
By strength of arm and pliancy of thumbs :  
Who see their honours in their *froth* arise,  
And for whose fame some shining *puff's* suffice !

Through the thick smoke, while appetites are keen,  
All eyes are fasten'd on the rich tureen.

The olifant gas o'er odorous herbs prevails,  
But still the fragrant steam the sense regales. 520  
A strong escort surrounds the important dish,  
Fowls guard your wings; your van, the imperial fish :  
Hail'd by each guest, the noble haunch succeeds,  
That long your forest ranged and graced your meads.

With caution your approaches here direct,  
Great things you see,—but greater may expect :  
Too greedy, gorge not, the inviting bait,  
Your relish lost, you may regret too late !

Such a false step is difficult to cure,  
Just in the prelude too—the overture;— 530  
Think on the wasp; with covetous delight,  
O'er gay parterres he guides his wanton flight :

Still pillaging—the subreptitious theft  
 Not by what's pilfer'd known, but what is left.—  
 The sweet carnation and the sweeter rose,  
 Or if more fragrant flower be found that blows,  
 Still for that flower impatiently will long,  
 And tastes, and quits, and sips, and flies along.

With care and elegance the service set,  
 Not to appal the appetite, but whet: 540  
 Charming variety be there to choose,  
 But not distraction which must all refuse.

High over head, sublinely through the air,  
 Suaveolent, the viands valets bear,  
 And pacing lightly the well-cushion'd ground,  
 Though nowhere heard, yet, every where are found.  
 Around the butler busily they swarm,  
 Who stands unmoved, or moving but an arm ;  
 Thus, round their chief, in agitation throng,  
 The host of swift embroider'd *aides de camp* ! 550

I love to see, most honour'd, at one end,  
 Our good roast-beef his brawny loins extend ;

That ample store shall not, exhausted, fail  
Though every tooth, though every arm, assail.  
In spite of times, in arrant misery's spite,  
Still for flesh meat I feel an appetite.

I see in some discourses dietetical,  
This doctrine is disputed as heretical;  
Plutarch, I know, Pythagoras, and Plato,  
Would stint to garden-stuff or a *potato*; 560  
And he of Samos still reduced our means,  
By striking from his list our *Windsor* beans.  
But those will please to recollect, who read 'em,  
If none would eat your bullocks, none would breed 'em.  
Which the worst friends to animals, or they  
Who life refuse, or they who take away?  
Let Ovid his expiring sheep deplore,  
Or fainting heifer, on Ausonia's shore;  
Or Twickenham bard, the sportive lambkin sing,  
Then for the leg or hinder quarter ring; 570  
They never eat the less for what they print,  
And lamb tastes better with the *sauce of mint*.

Who thus will preach, must ever preach in vain,  
Their moral pure, their practice so profane !  
They weep the blood of kids by butchers shed,  
And hail the hero by whom hosts have bled ;  
Faint if their Sylvia's fawn but feel the arrow,  
Or feather drop from wing of Lesbia's sparrow,  
But for the homicide respect avow,  
And bind the dripping laurel round his brow !

580

But now succeeds a simultaneous pause :  
How cease the effects, when once removed the cause !  
The vessel void, an empty sound we hear,  
When fill'd, how much less audible and clear !

Rather, no *sound* e'er pass your lips again,  
Than stun your guests in trite and hackney'd strain :

“ How I rejoice my worthy friends to see !  
“ Just as at home, pray gentlemen make free—  
“ Do me the favour,—dip in that ragout—  
“ My grandmother's receipt—completely new !

590

“ These peas, Sir John ! may I request your plate—  
“ Though I protest they're wholly out of date :

“ So is the asparagus;—much hurt, I fear—  
“ There’s nothing to be had this time of year.  
“ How is the ven’son?—roasted, as you like?—  
“ Good Doctor, stick your fork into that pike:  
“ I’m sure I’m quite ashamed to give you trouble:  
“ Sir William! when at home, you eat the double!  
“ Is not my Calves-head season’d to a *hair*?—  
“ The naughty man has spoil’d it, I declare! 600  
“ Provoking—when I gave directions too:  
“ He knows it’s such a favourite with you!  
“ My dearest Lady D.—a bit of chicken?  
“ That’s a mere bone the Bishop there is picking!  
“ I beg ten thousand pardons of your grace--  
“ I’ll try to help you to a better *place*.  
“ My love!—your neighbours!—why you take no pains  
“ Do help Lord ——— to a little *tray*!  
“ By the March winds how every thing is dried!  
“ I wish I knew what better to provide: 610  
“ But when you honour me again, my friends,  
“ I vow I’ll do my best to make amends.”

Custom, good sense, must teach you to select  
Your phrase, your dish; and what you should reject  
The mouth's strict centinel—good sense, appear,  
And challenge what *comes out*, what *enters* there.

To make your epulation quite complete,  
One thing you need, and easily may meet :  
'Tis not confined to any clime or age,  
But now, as formerly, is much the rage. 620

How destitute the elm, and how forlorn,  
If the propt vine refuses to adorn !  
How open all your odoriferous bowers,  
If there nor clematis nor woodbine flowers !—  
'Tis not Virginia creeper here I mean,  
The vegetable parasite and green:  
No, 'tis the creeper animal you want,  
And smiling, at your table you should plant.  
He is not totally unknown to Fame,  
Though you nor know his country nor his name; 630  
To serve his own and your important ends,  
Pleased he enrolls himself among your friends

His homage pays to all your guests, and you;  
He loves your company—and dinner too.  
When many—marshal them to guard your flanks,  
And thus escape their most devouring thanks:  
If one, when first the dining room you enter,  
Place, by a grand manœuvre, in the centre.

Avoid to ask the valetudinarian,  
Who with capricious phlegm atrabilarian, 640  
Cross, whimsical, irresolute, and shy,  
Sees all your dainties with distemper'd eye;  
Who, willing slave of Epidaurus' God  
Looks, ere he eat, for his physician's nod;  
Before he takes a mouthful on his plate  
Must try it by *apothecary's weight*:  
Your ramekins too rich;—your mutton mean;—  
Your frieassee too fat;—your leveret lean;—  
Your craw-fish cold;—your harrico too hot;—  
Your hash a thousand morbid ills has got.— 650  
Such fill their mouths with arguments, excuses.  
Of every meat will tell yon the abuses,

With sophisms cramm'd, and aphorisms plenty,  
And for one *dram* will give you *scruples* twenty :  
By little eating, hope to grow the stronger,  
And starve themselves to death to live the longer.

Oh ye, whose stomachs, like your heads, robust,  
Know no satiety and no disgust ;  
Who, while at Luxury's board the feast ye share,  
Defy Intemperance and her luring snare ;        660  
To you the arcana of the art be shown,  
'Till all its treasures shall be all your own.

Remember that those points which always please,  
Friendship, goodwill, serenity, and ease,  
When nourish'd by good-cheer, at home, and bred,  
By kind civilities are daily fed ;  
At pomp they sicken, and from courts they fly ;  
Stifled by etiquette, they pine and die.  
From Gala dinners let the Muse dissuade ;  
Come dine with her, and dine without parade.        670

## CANTO III.

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### SECOND COURSE.

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AH! where is now the care-constructed pile,  
On which the blooming valleys used to smile?  
Whose firm foundation bedded in the rock,  
Seem'd to defy the elemental shock ;  
Whose lofty head, on taper columns rear'd,  
Towering o'er thick surrounding mists appear'd :  
To shield whose sacred walls, vast hills arose,  
Capacious walls—as high almost as those :  
Far from whose towers, incensed with frequent smoke,  
The raging tempest howl'd, and harmless broke: 10  
Whose glittering spires the lake would oft behold,  
Deck'd, by the orient sun, in flaming gold :

While, with inverted honours, seen to droop ;  
To kiss her polish'd bosom they would stoop :  
Whose roofs were shelter'd by the guardian woods ;  
Whose feet were wash'd by tributary floods  
That pour'd, before them, on their yellow sand,  
The exhaustless treasures of a fertile land.—  
That pile, alas ! now moulders fast—where those  
Long moulder in decay, by whom it rose ; 20  
With threatening nod, and with prophetic gloom,  
Their ashes shrouds, and consecrates their tomb.  
Both in one common dust soon fate must lay,  
And mix *this* stony rubbish with *their* clay.  
E'en now—behold ! the broken key-stone thrown  
Far underneath the arch in which it shone,  
While its dependant brothers, o'er their mate,  
Bend trembling forward to partake its fate :  
The emboss'd entablature, enrich'd with gold,  
Beneath the shatter'd pedestal is roll'd : 30  
The shaft, propulsive from the lightning's stroke,  
In vain outlives its taller rival oak ;

The fretted bossage, from the ceiling ript,  
Crumbles to powder in the yawning crypt.  
With tinkling bell, the browsing wethers climb,  
Where once, the hollow belfry troll'd its chime:  
The ravens, with funereal cawings, hang  
Where matin peals their cheerful carols rang:  
Where sculptured tracery carved the storied dome,  
The chough and jackdaw build their fetid home: 40  
The ivy clings around the oaken stalls,  
And matted misseltoe festoons the halls: --  
Who that surveys but must their lot deplore,  
And breathe a wish, that wishes could restore:  
Vain thought! — far otherwise! — for shortly must  
The sad spectator here subscribe his dust:  
Thy mite of earth thou must contribute too,  
That other worms may moralize—on you.  
The tardy hand of Time these ruins saves,  
To heap their fragments on more recent graves: 50  
Still I regret the massy mitred roof,  
Of priestly power the monument and proof;

The stately edifice that zeal had raised,  
On which admiring countries fondly gazed ;  
For there, in courts adorn'd by selfish pride,  
Driven from the world, would Charity reside ;  
And Hospitality the gate unbarry'd  
Though Superstition would the wicket guard.—  
Poor hapless monks ! absolved from rules anstere,  
Your affluence fled, and with it your good cheer ! 60  
Great sufferings you endured by your free will :  
By your deliverance—far greater still !  
Grant, your devotion was a little blind,  
To wake so roughly from it—was unkind :  
Better to admit more light into the cage,  
Than thus destroy the fabric in a rage.  
But lucid order rises from confusion :  
What say you, Benedictine and Carthusian ?  
Lords of the soil of Cluny and St. Maur,  
Your palaces I like, your pride abhor ! 70  
Your golden harvests faced the chequer'd plain :  
Proof that your labours were not *all* in vain :—

Yes, I admire your wide extended boast,  
Of sheltering forests and sea-circled coast ;  
Through which the indurated hand of Toil,  
With no rude harrow tore the mellow soil :  
Your woad-stain'd windows and your oak-bound doors,  
Mosaic pavements, tessellated floors ;  
Your verderers, your vert, and your *venaison*,  
Your hairecloth—stripes—and *Kyrie Eleison* ;      80  
Your fervent zeal, humility, and more—  
Your *care* of all the substance of the poor ;  
Muskets and pikes—have proved that this was wrong :  
What prove we not, with *arguments so strong* ?  
When cannons roar'd their demonstrations too,  
What could a host of minor *Canons* do ?  
    Oh, blest asylums ! oh, retreats of peace !  
No more your herds are heard, nor flocks increase ?  
Majestic cloisters ! awe-compelling aisles !  
No more the Sun beneath your arches smiles !      90  
Ye cowled friars, cinctured cenobites !  
Your tables are o'erturn'd—and all your *rites* !

I've lived to see you fall ! o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
I've lived to give your fugitives relief.

Exempt from avarice, jealousy, and gall,  
If aught could tempt—on this terraqueous ball,—  
Would it not be his enviable lot,  
Who, with vast wealth—a generous heart has got?  
Who sees his granaries, barns, and coffers stored,  
But to dispense their treasures—not to hoard :— 100  
Who, true Amphitryon of a genial clime,  
Spends on his friends his riches, and his time:  
Who feasts their appetites, enjoys their praise,  
And by his compotations counts his days.  
Endow'd by Nature with exhaustless powers,  
His opening hand perpetual bounty showers,  
Peace on his left, and Pleasure on his right,  
Each sparkling eye around him beams delight.

If ever Plutus, whom my vows implore,  
Should thus extend his blessings to my store; 110  
My liberal heart the favour would disdain,  
Unless the friends I loved could share the gain.

No,—for your benefit alone I ask ;  
For you to cater, my enchanting task.  
How little for myself I crave—you know ;  
If much I covet—’tis but to bestow.

When grateful Phœbus gilds that glowing morn,  
And showers his pearls upon my glistening thorn,  
Then shall the dear companions of my heart,  
Press’d to my bosom, vindicate their part :— 120  
Each at my table shall assert his station :  
I give you all—*a general invitation !*  
Round Friendship’s altar shall our hands unite ;  
And I the priest to solemnize the rite.  
My flues, my fires, the sacred *flame* shall feed ;  
My fattest steers in hecatombs shall bleed :  
For you, my domes and cupolas shall rise,  
And couches spread their silken canopies :  
My meat shall nourish, and my wine shall warm,  
My baths refresh you, and my music charm ; 130  
By your bright shoes, my velvet paths be trod,  
My chariots bear you o’er the rugged road :

My hounds shall call you to the early chase ;  
My coursers teach to win the rapid race :  
But if your eye, untrain'd to point the gun,  
Can see *untouch'd* the hare and rabbit run ;—  
My keepers shall reward your barren toil,  
And load your shoulders with the shaggy spoil :  
Yet think not then in *borrow'd* plumes you shine;  
Consider them *your own*, since they are *mine*.      140  
For you—my bins shall team with Frontignac ;  
My glasses shine with Malmsey and Balsac ;  
My ardent spirits, colourless as bright,  
Clear as the liquid from the rock, invite ;  
While rich liqueurs, adhesive to the glass,  
For fluid amethysts and topaz' pass :  
Lock'd in my *serres*, from hail-engendering blast.  
Exotic fruits from spring to spring shall last ;  
My subterranean repositories hold  
Winter's hard crust in all its native cold :      150  
So shall your tongues at Christmas taste my peas,  
And *dog-day* throats with icy wines shall freeze !

Though the “ New System for an English Cook ”  
Is but at best a *secondary* book;  
Yet to its credit it must still redound,  
A *wholesome* precept here and there is found.—  
In one particular, which much appall’d me,  
It has most unaccountably *forstall’d* me :  
A maxim too, that must not be forgot,  
Whatever be your dinner,—“ serve it hot ! ” 160  
Your fine ragouts, like epigrams, require  
A little *salt*—but to be full of *fire*.  
Should the teeth suffer, or the gums and palate.—  
Cool with a cucumber or summer sallet.—  
To guard his mouth let every one take care :  
No *dentist*, *linguist*—’tis not your affair :  
So easy too, to have them all new hung,  
False teeth, *false taste*, false appetite, *false tongue* !  
To meet your friends, your anxious breast shall burn :  
Then let no guest dissatisfied return. 170  
Study their genius, their caprices, goût :  
They, in return, may haply study you.

Some wish a pinion, some prefer the leg ;  
Some for a merry-thought or side-bone beg ;  
And parts there are which every one must like,  
Of carp the stomach, and the back of pike,  
The wings of fowls, thin slices off the round,  
The trail with woodcocks, with codshead the *sound*.—  
Let strict impartiality preside,  
Nor freak, nor favour, nor affection guide.      180

Let not the insolence of rank employ  
Your sole regard—your niceties enjoy.  
In company, if 'tis in any place,  
Long lost Equality can show her face,  
'Tis where Amenity and Comfort reign,  
Where Friendship binds us in one common chain :—  
Comus, to wake to pleasure all the soul,  
Love—not Ambition, mingles in the bowl !

The keener edge of hunger worn away,  
The blunted knife and fork aside we lay ;      190

Now chang'd the scene—obsequious valets bear  
The mangled remnants of the precious fare.

Ah ! golden opportunity for those  
Who rightly seize these moments of repose.  
To other purposes your *lips* prepare,  
Your minds solicit more delicious *fare*.  
Draw forth your *conversationists* to sight,  
And let their volubility delight;  
In all the pride of fluency appear,  
And with their thousand *nothings* charm the ear. 200  
You too, with pleasant repartees and smart,  
Evince yourself proficient in the art ;  
And with urbanity and lively grace,  
Give a gay turn to each one's common place ;  
That the stale jest, refracted by your glass,  
With dazzling lustre through the room may pass.  
Hold Humour's mirror up to Dulness' eye,  
Till, in herself, some lustre she deservy.  
Unlock the cellules, closets of the brains,  
Bring forth--of sense the long forgotten gains. 210  
Nor yet too prodigally and profuse ;  
The *quantum sufficit* you learn by use :

Good things too many may the audience choke :

Each sentence wit, each syllable a joke :

Too many sweetmeats are too sure to cloy ;

The bitter almond now and then employ.—

Act with judicious, delicate reserve :

For sterling wit at any time will serve ;

Nor indiscreetly your whole stock display,

Think, you must dine and talk another day.

220

Fasting, for this, your early mind you store

With patient readings and with classic lore :

Fine Latian authors and Apulian,—finer

In Magna Graecia and in Asia Minor.

None to admire a rare bon-môt refuse,

From Alexandria, Rome, or Syracuse.

At other times, your topics you may draw

From politics, divinity, or law.—

'Tis good the arts and sciences to ken,

By whom invented or improved, and when.

230

All this, your Cyclopaedia shall declare :

Turn with nocturnal, with—diurnal care :

Stupendous book ! whose boast is to contain  
The fine quintessence of the human brain !—  
Were all typography's black pages burn'd,  
Their substance from this index might be learn'd :—  
A work that cannot be too much respected  
By those whose education is neglected.  
Hence on all subjects sparks of light you throw,  
As from the hardest flint the fire will flow : 240  
Blaze with the comet in his swift verticity,  
Or rouse us with a flash of electricity :—  
Your thoughts, collected by its brilliant prism,  
Shall throw a painted veil across—your egotism  
Add to the slender instances I quote  
A larger stock of ancient anecdote.  
Still on the kitchen keep your eye, of course,  
Of argument an unexhausted source.  
Speak of Dentatus, you may say 'twas *Curius* ;—  
With Samnite envoys, how extremely furious : 250  
How rudely he went on to shell his peas,  
Preferring much, to vegetate at ease,

Whilst one poor turnip floated in his pot,  
To all the wealth their general had got.  
'Twas his peculiar whim his pulse to sup  
Out of an earthen, not a golden cup ;  
And would assuredly be mine,—no matter—  
You and your visitors prefer the latter.

Then onwards to the Cæsars and Augustus,  
So pleased into their company to thrust us : 260  
But leaping—from Domitius to Domitian,  
Break not your head against the head of Priscian.  
Nor yet with sameness the attention vex ;  
Talk of the Famia, and the Orchia Lex :—  
At present that you live, how you rejoice :  
Those awkward times would ne'er have been your choice  
When the Patricians to the senate *reel'd*,  
And *not*, as *now*—in landaulets were wheel'd.  
Plutarch you quote, and Arbiter and Martial ;  
Authors, by no means, flattering nor partial. 270  
In these dull times each luminous remark  
Shall shine like Roman lamps that gild the dark ;

Where, it is said, sepulchrally they burn,  
Near some sarcophagus or sacred urn.  
Among great men, of whom these authors write,  
Remember the great eaters that you cite.  
Confound astonish'd reason with the tale ;  
And squeamish stomachs of this age bewail.

But lo ! reduplicate, with many a fold,  
Back on itself the table cloth is roll'd, 280  
Beneath another and another lie,  
And with unsullied whiteness tire the eye :  
Unstain'd, unvaried, save in order gay,  
Where loom-created flowers their buds display.  
When thus the traveller views the lengthening plain,  
And drifted snows his dazzled eyeballs pain :  
Eurus and Notus in a gust arise,  
And sweep the covering from before his eyes :  
Beneath, a smoother and a whiter too,  
With fancied figures blinds his aching view. 290  
Impatience glances quick from place to place,  
And scans with hasty look the vacant space.

Not long—for—see, each drooping head revives,

With bustling feet Activity arrives :

With high uplifted, far protruded arms,

New diapers the board in rosy charms :

The well-appointed roast, here honour'd more,

Now smiles at top, that smoked below before ;

His light escort in regimentals drest,

Gaudy and stiff in flower-embroider'd vest.— 300

Part the home produce of your woods and labours,

And part, kind presents from your friends and neighbours.

Then as you place the portion on each plate.

You can *take leave* to amplify, dilate ;

And as the gravy round the rim you fill,

Your circling comments in each ear instil.

Say, how old Carlo, resolute and stanch,

Espied that pheasant on the verdant branch,

And as with whirring wing he beats the air,

Your leaden messengers his death prepare : 310

No sooner he surmounts the spiry top,

They meet, transpierce, and, lo !—you see him drop.

Tell how you levell'd at the skimming rail,  
And how assailed that tiny race—the quail ;  
Or, with enlivening turn, the fair to please,  
Point out the speckled pairs of ruffs and rees :  
“ Strange bipeds these ! fair ladies ! ” you will say,  
“ How different from this company are they :  
“ For in their tribe the sancy males behold !  
“ Trick'd out in variegated plumes and gold ; 320  
“ Whilst female grace and comeliness sit down  
“ In a check'd apron and a russet gown.”  
The conscious fair with sparkling eye shall feel  
To their superior charms the soft appeal,  
Your bold allusion may affect to blame,  
But relish better both your wit and *game*.  
  
The showy vain Plateau, whose plated side,  
And mirror'd surfaces the mouth deride,  
May take at other boards its gorgeous stand,  
And other tastes may mock with traitorous sand; 330  
Seek not to *double* by such means your treat,  
Nor throw *reflections* upon what you eat.

Let others to their graven image bow ;  
Take you the substance, and leave them the show :  
Away with these, with barberries and holly,  
To me they seem but *barbarism* and *folly* ;  
Without these gewgaws we can eat as well,  
To babies leave the coral and the bell.

You fast approach the interesting crisis                    339  
When to each plate convey'd each tempting slice is.  
'Tis now no more anticipation's feast,  
But true fruition of fish, bird, and beast.  
The tender morsels in the palate melt,  
And all the power of cookery is felt.  
This side and that the plovers, wheat-ears fly ;  
The skipping lambs forget their savory fry :  
The heaven-descended lark, with *alter'd note*,  
Wakes different sounds, and in a different throat.  
The little darling of your China sties,  
Embalm'd in fragrant herbs and spices lies ;            350  
But soon the integument is found to fail,  
Though arm'd in glittering coats of golden mail.

Reject those victims Gluttony has bred,  
With patent grits in grated prisons fed ;  
For who but greedy Avarice would stoop  
To cram cade chickens in a cadger's coop,  
By foul, unnatural, monstrous arts enlarged,  
And with distemper'd loads of fat surcharged :—  
The bloated carcass swells before your eye,  
The insipid fibres shall your tooth defy.       360

Still more discourage that ferocious pride  
By which the peaceful turf in blood is dyed :  
Let the tame tenants of your feather'd court  
In your dominions find a sure resort :  
Or in all civil *broils* of your adherents,  
Be strictly neutral tow'rd the belligerents.—  
Of savage war be not the prompt adviser,  
Leave that to man—your turkeys, *geese*, *are wiser* !

Nor issue suddenly at any hour,  
The last sad mandate of despotic power :—       370  
Oft, e'er the evening shades have clothed the west,  
Or early poultry have retired to rest :

That noble bird that strutted o'er the mead,  
Bereft of life and plumies, is seen to bleed.—  
His cheering clarion, harbinger of day,  
Had chased my slumbers with the dawn away :  
At noon I saw him sauntering through the groves,  
Surrounded by his glossy Afric loves :  
I almost envied his superior lot,  
When, lo ! he enter'd,—reeking from the pot ! 380  
The barbarous knife had stop'd his tuneful strains,  
And not one trace of *tenderness* remains !  
His cartilage and coriaceous hide  
Revenged the cruelty by which he died.  
Let no importunate officious knave  
So far your *boiling* indignation brave,  
As, to your presence slily to approach,  
And on these consecrated hours encroach.  
Whoe'er with this intent appears to stir,  
Wave with your hand, or with a nod deter. 390  
No letter, card, nor billet-doux, nor note,  
Clandestinely convey'd behind the coat :—

No stifled whisper, with expiring breath,  
Alarm your airy merriment to death.—  
I et all affairs of pleasure and of state  
On these most *weighty* of all matters *wait*.  
This to the novice leave, and the beginner,  
Nought should disturb a gentleman at dinner!

Here you must not forget yourself, but worse,  
Try nobly to forget—the universe. 400  
The means are yours, what would you covet more?  
Your *Cape* behind, your *Côte Rotie* before :  
In your strong *Tent* you may defy the age,  
Or find some solace in your *Hermitage*.  
Or if these fail you, there is your *Chateau*,  
By knowing connoisseurs, surnamed *Margot* ;—  
Through its *stain'd* *glass* you brighter see than *flint*,  
How the far world receives a purple tint.  
Five springs, recumbent on its convex side,  
The rusty glass your *Burgundy* has dyed : 410  
Ten years your *Port*, and twenty your *Madeira* ;—  
Their birth an epoch, and their life an era !

But since so long they quietly have lain,  
'Tis time that they should rise and shine again.—  
Yes, sparkling they *shall* rise, and leave behind  
Their earthy dregs tartareous, unrefined ;  
The ethereal spirit to the brain shall fly,  
And there exhilarate to extasy !

Nay, hold,—nor to inebriation haste ;  
Juices more sweet solicit still your taste : 420  
That offuscation you must still avert :  
Consider yet you have not your *dessert* !  
Now wit and beauty should your soul inspire,  
And blushing Bacchus must reserve his fire.  
Then let not, at so premature a season,  
The roguish god impose upon your reason :  
No rigid abstinence I mean to preach,  
But god-like temperance the Muse would teach :  
Be the corporeal faculties confined,  
To raise, refresh, renew, invigorate the mind ! 430  
Look round on Nature, with what charming ease  
Her gifts she varies, sedulous to please ;—

Who from the Indies, both the East and West,  
Sends those productions that you like the best.

Who, from the Northern to the Southern Pole,  
Bids trade transport, where'er her billows roll.

Birds' nests from Cröee, from Canton, Bohea,  
And coffee from the Babel-mandel sea :

From Iceland lichens, and St. Kitt's tomato ;

From Cuba, melangeno and potato : 440

A long enumeration might fatigue you ;

From Java mace, and sugar from Antigua.

Well you should know the vegetive resources  
As they dance on through your successive courses.

Your bold researches here you may confine ;

Enough for you to know on what you dine.

Far, far from me to make you scrutinize

Each spike and spoke with microscopic eyes ;

Or send you to your meadows with amaze,

On dway-berries and daffodils to gaze : 450

With fingers numb'd and frozen feet to sit

On the cold ground to pull them bit by bit :

Nor shall your pallid cheek confess at night,  
The day's black *henbane*, and sad aconite.  
You need not read *Kniphoffii Botanica*,  
Nor *Flora Lapp*: *Dan* : *Suec* : *Ros* : nor *Zeylanica*:  
Leave them to *Asso*, *Adanson*, *Alpini*,  
And to the grave—*Doctores Medicinæ*.

Linnæus you esteem, *Buffon* and *Pliny*,  
Far above *Roth*, and *Rutty*, and *Rivini*: 460  
But still, in you, it would be quite ridiculous  
To anatomicize with them the race vermiculous:  
Their books with nice dexterity you weed;  
On every object there you cannot *feed*:  
Some they contain that fain would *feed on you*,  
These, while you can, most carefully *eschew*!

You know, or not, to hazard an opinion,  
Which is a *Phallus*, which is a *Champignon*.  
You can discriminate in paler gills  
The fading colour that with horror chills: 470  
Nor hesitating will your fingers shrink,  
When the coved surface tempts with glowing pink,

Or when, decurrent on the stem below,  
The *clothy* button lifts its head of snow.

Next mushrooms subterrene in order stand ;—

You know to dig, and in what favour'd land.

When autumn's purple fruit is in the prime,  
Seek them beneath the wych-elm or the lime.

In snug retreat this vegetive demure,

From human reach long deem'd itself secure : 480

And safe it was, till the instinctive snout

Of the sagacious swine first smelt it out.—

Man, of each animal, adopts the force ;

The stag he equals on the rapid horse ;

With dogs he governs his unruly flocks,

Outstrips the hare, unearths the crafty fox :

In hunting truffles seeks a *new ally*,

And finds him, ready tutor'd, in—*the sty* !

Reader, I see your wishes, I shall stop :

So, for the present, let the subject drop.—

490

Now, as you know, is my accustom'd mode,

Proceed we forthwith to our episode.

With fresher tints my pallet I must *prime*,  
And dip in the pathetic, not sublime.  
Haply, on my veracious tale of woe,  
May sensibility a sigh bestow.—  
But own'd my page the true poetic power,  
Your glistening cheek should feel the crystal shower,  
And Pity's drop impearl your generous eye:—  
What diamond's water with that gem shall vie! 500

Though cold your breast, as is the Arctic frost,  
That chains the crispy wave on Zemla's coast;  
Yet, at Compassion's burst, your heart should glow,  
And through your veins the mantling current flow,  
Till at your lids the gushing stream appear,  
Than the thaw'd icicle more pure and clear.  
So o'er Siberia's trackless snows who glide,  
The mountain's bosom frost-bound by their side;  
(Till as the warmth of noontide ray is felt,  
The crusted hills relenting seem to melt;) 510  
Each sparkling grain, with fresh surprise behold,  
Tinctured with ruby, emerald, and gold:

Nature's soft tears, ethereal and divine;

Not flinty scoria, from the sordid mine !

Condé—that name alarms, I don't know how :

No :—it sounds much less formidable now :

Nor need the *English* reader to take *fright* :

For every age and every clime I write.

It chanced :—for dates see Madame Sevigné,—

That great Prince general—the great Condé, 520

In his great castle, in his greater park,

Gave a carousal to the Grand Monarque.

’Twas in the spacious Chateau of Chantilly,

Where all his ancestors had lived genteelly ;

There Nature, though she well sustain’d her part,

Still saw herself excell’d by cost and art.—

Conviviality and Splendour reigned :

No Monarch ere was better entertain’d.—

Not e’en by him, who as in duty bound,

Once, with himself, laid, prostrate on the ground, 530

Of his tall limes and chestnuts, as was meet,

Four or five hundred—at the Royal feet.

But here the stately trees more loyal, *grew*,  
And bore a fruit both elegant and new :  
For, as the mighty cavalcades approach,  
Periwigg'd, Jackbooted, to announce the coach ;  
A thousand lamps spontaneously appear,  
Through the long vista—visitors to cheer.—  
The gay interior most superbly fitted,  
Was to Vatel, Maitre d'Hotel,—committed.      540  
A faithful creature, long in the employ  
Of him who beat the Spaniards at Rocroi.  
Trusty domestic, all he plann'd with care ;—  
But the *true Condé genius*—was not there.  
Embarrass'd and distracted with the weight  
Of this great day, it was *proclaim'd* too late,  
That two long tables yet *reclaim'd* their roast :—  
Alas !—one only could be found at most !

“ Wretch that I am !”—in agony he cried,  
While both his arms hung lifeless by his side,      550  
His eyes in stupor, fix'd upon the ground,  
And scarce his sobbing throat an utterance found ;

“ Wretch that I am ! ” exclaim’d he to Gourville,  
“ What shuddering horrors all my bosom fill !  
“ All, all is lost ; my honour is betray’d ;  
“ A roast was missing ;—all my glories fade !  
“ This day has seen my Sun of fame descend,  
“ My *laurels wither*, and my prospects end !  
“ Can aught the opprobrium of this stain efface ?—  
“ My Lord’s dishonour, and my art’s disgrace ! 560  
“ What court again shall in my care confide ?  
“ What Sovereign trust repose ?”—he said and sigh’d.

The Prince was soon acquainted with the whole,  
And came himself the sufferer to console :  
“ Vatel ! ”—most condescendingly he said,  
With inclination of his gracious head ;—  
“ Vatel ! Vatel ! be comforted, my friend ;  
“ Could any thing your royal fête transcend ?  
“ By all consider’d a most sumptuous thing ;—  
“ It met the approbation of the King.— 570  
“ Your honour’s safe ; these tears you might have spared ;  
“ Think not my confidence can be impair’d.

“ Forget the roast, far betetr to have none,  
“ Than thus to see things so much *overdone*.”

“ My Prince ! this goodness how can I repay ?  
“ My life and service at your feet I lay !”—

Not long endures the respite and relief:  
Too soon the victim of a heavier grief !

Who the next day so miserable as he !

At twelve—at two—no tidings from the sea ! 580

No post, no messenger, no caravan :

Was ever so unfortunate a man ?

One hour to dinner : nothing will arrive ;

His spirits sink—he never can survive.

No sturgeon, turbot, and no salmon jole,

To set before the King !—no not a *sole*.

No golden gurnets and no silver eels ;

’Twere better to be flayed himself he feels !

In vain he draws his vision out, and hope,

With achromatic lens and telescope.—

His hopes, alas ! are vanish’d like a *vision* ;

And all he sees—dishonour and derision.

In vain, disconsolate he raves, he roars,  
Louder than Neptune on the Atlantick shores ;  
He frets, he fumes, and with exhausted breath  
Demands of fate—his dories—or his Death.—  
For fish to speak—that fashion now no more is,  
Death only hears, and death too near *his door is.*  
The winds that rent his sails, dispersed his prayer,  
And scatter'd round the frothy words in air.      600

Three times against his agitated breast  
By his own hand the shining steel was press'd ;  
But thrice the *faithful, faithless* steel refused  
To see its blade by erring hands misused :—  
The fourth—the treasonable *arm* prevail'd,  
And the stern heart that guided it, assail'd ;  
From the deep wound the *crimson currents* roll :  
But grief's *black tide* it is o'erwhelms his soul.

Ah ! melancholy, rash precipitation !  
One moment more had been his preservation :— 610  
Just as his foot in Charon's *bark* he sets,  
Arrives the produce of his *boats* and *nets*.

Hoarse grind the wheels, loud sounds the noisy thong,  
 Tumultuous to the gates the menials throng :  
 They call Vatel. Ah!—no Vatel appears!—  
 Nor welcome word, nor whip, nor wheel he hears!  
 They seek, vociferate, they find him—dead ;  
 Unfeeling Atropos *had cut the thread* :—  
 On the cold ground, unconscious of their cries,  
 Mute as his fish,—as motionless he lies !

620

Thus in his prime the excellent Vatel,  
 Untimely—but not unlamented, fell.—  
 Friendship embalm'd his memory in her tear,  
 And Rank and Royalty adorned his bier.—  
 O'er his hard lot soft sympathy has thrown  
 A veil, the genius of the Fair might own :  
 In tender shade his venial failings cast,  
 His virtues drawn, in colours that shall last.  
 Long shall his premature and tragic fate  
 The Fasti of the festive board relate.

630

Oh ye! who o'er our social rites preside,  
 By *his*, may *your* fidelity be tried !

Respect his memory, and his care exceed,  
But of his sad despondency take heed !  
Adopt his talent and his wish to please,  
But shun, oh ! shun his *sensibilities* :—  
Would ye fain thrive among the great, abjure  
The nice punctilio of the *point d'honneur* ;  
And when you spread your wily mesh, beware  
Yourselves ye fall not in the dangerous snare.      640



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N O T E S.

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## N O T E S.

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### CANTO I.

Note I. Page 3. Line 41.

*O'er Asia's lucid lake, delighted soar,  
That peaceful slumbers on its grassy shore :*

— 'Οι δὲ κατ' ἀυτὸν

Κύκνος ἀερσιπόταις μεγάλ' ἥπνον ὁι βάτη γε πολλοὶ<sup>1</sup>  
Νῆχον ἐπ' ἄκρον ὑδάσπος πάσῃ δὲ ἵχθνες ἐκλονέοντο.

Θαῦματα ἴδειν.—HESIOD. SCUT. HERC. DESCRIPT.

Note II. Page 8. Line 142.

*Or snatch the coney from his craggy seat ;*

“ The coneys are but a feeble folk, yet make they their  
houses in the rocks.”—PROV. XXX. 26.

Note III. Page 10. Line 191.

*His couch, the leaves that Autumn's hand had swept,  
On which untester'd, he profoundly slept :—*

Χ' αἱ στιξέας ἐστειται πεπυκασμένα ἐστ' ἐπὶ πᾶχυν,  
Κρυζατ τ', ἀσφοδέλῳ τε, πολυγνάμπτῳ τε σελίνῳ.

THEOCRIT. IDYLL.

Note IV. Page 13. Line 239.

*Nor let us tell those secrets in our song  
Which to the kitchen of the gods belong.*

Juvenal informs us there was a time when it was not the fashion for the gods to give any dinner parties :

Prandebat sibi quisque Deus—  
—Tunc, cùm virguncula Juno,  
Nulla super nubes convivia Cœlicolarum,  
Nec puer Iliacus, formosa nec Herculis uxor  
Ad cyathos.—SAT. XIII. 40.

Note V. Page 13. Line 243.

*Autumn and Spring still danced before her grot ;  
Summer was ever there, but Winter not.*

Πάετ' ὥστεν θέρεος μάλις πίονος, ὥστε δὲ ὁ παῖς.

Οχναὶ μὲν πάρη ποσσοὶ, &c. THEOCRIT. IDYLL

Note VI. Page 17. Line 317.

*In which they supp'd their democratic broth,  
Before the critics had skimm'd off the froth.*

The learned Meursius conjectures that this broth was composed of pork, of vinegar, and salt ; it is extremely probable that he may be correct.

Note VII. Page 19. Line 359.

*Beyond the rest, Archestratus, the bard,  
Who sang of poultry, venison, and lard :*

Archestratus, the author of a poem entitled “*Gas-  
tronomia*,” was the friend of one of the sons of Pericles.  
He traversed land and sea in quest of the choicest pro-  
ductions for the gratification of the palate. He did not  
direct his attention to the manners of the people he visited,  
which is a *hopeless study*, since it is next to impossible to  
change them; but his investigations were extended to  
those laboratories whence the pleasures of the table  
derive their existence. He deemed it useless to hold any  
communication with men who could give no elucidation  
on this subject. His poem contained a treasure of infor-  
mation, and every line a precept. It is in his school that  
so many skilful cooks have imbibed the first elements of  
an art, which has rendered them immortal.

Note VIII. Page 19. Line 371.

*In vain for us his wit or dishes fumed ;—  
Edacious Time has all his works consumed.*

It cannot be sufficiently lamented that the poem of  
Archestratus has not reached us. I know not whether the  
loss of the modern one on the same subject would be  
matter of equal regret.

Note IX. Page 22. Line 417.

*Feasts once in Greece were delicate as rare ;  
Good humour, elegance, presided there.*

Plutarch vouches for the antiquity of the custom observed of creating a chief or legislator of the table. He went by the different names of *Symposiarch*, *Basileus*, *Rex*, *Strategus*, *Modimperator*, and was sometimes called *Ophthalmos* or *Eye*, from his keeping a watchful eye on the guests. This king actually made laws, and prescribed, under certain penalties, what each person was to do; how and when to eat, drink, sing, make a speech, or endeavour to enliven the company by the display of any talent he might happen to possess. Cicero says that Verres was scrupulously obedient to the laws of the table, at the time that he broke through all the statutes of the republic.

Once when Agesilaus was appointed by lot to this office, and the servant asked him how the wine should be distributed, he replied—" If you have an abundance, give every one as much as *he likes*; but if you have not, give to every one *alike*."

Note X. Page 24. Line 465.

*His suppers gain'd him greater credit far,  
Than harnessing four Monarchs to his car.*

History informs us that Lucullus had a variety of

apartments, each of which bore the name of some particular deity ; this name was sufficient to signify to his *maitre d'hotel* the degree of splendour he proposed to display in any entertainment he gave. Cicero and Pompey one day paying him an unexpected visit, with the intention of seeing how he lived in private, he had only to mention that he would sup in the saloon of Apollo, and a repast was served up which cost a sum exceeding a thousand pounds of our money.

Note XI. Page 25. Line 478.

*Ushers and stewards, yeomanry a shoal ;*

It was, no doubt, about this time the *yeomen of the month* came into fashion, with excellent appointments ; though they are now reduced to the moderate salary of 238*l.* per annum, exclusive however of other *pickings*.

Note XII. Page 26. Line 503.

*Before the lapse of short two hundred years*

*The name of great Apicus appears :*

Apicus, who lived in the time of Trajan, first discovered the art of preserving shell-fish. He used to send them from Italy to this Prince's camp, when engaged in the Parthian expedition, and his oysters reached the Imperial table in perfect preservation.

The name of Apicus, long used to designate different dishes, was adopted to distinguish a sect among the Roman epicures. He spent in the composition of various sauces a fortune amounting to more than one million five hundred thousand pounds sterling! and finding by a revision of his accounts that his property was reduced to about a tenth part of this sum, he poisoned himself for fear of being *starved*.

Note XIII. Page 28. Line 539.

*And Claudius found the imperial palate tickled  
By love of glory less—than mushrooms pickled.*

The Emperor Claudius had an extraordinary predilection for mushrooms: it was in a plate of these that Agrippina, his niece, and likewise his fourth wife, contrived to poison him.

It does not seem to be determined of what species of the Agarie this dish consisted. Whether the *Boletus*, the *Xerampelinus*, the *deliciosus*, or the *Cæsareus*. Martial and Juvenal give it in favour of the former:

Boletum, qualein Claudius edit, edas.

MART. EPIGRAM. LIB. VII. EP. 44.

Boletus domino, sed qualem Claudius edit  
Ante illum Uxor is, post quem nihil amplius edit.

JUV. SAT. V. 147.

On this and other curious anecdotes respecting this homicidal vegetable, I refer to Schœffer and Clusius.

Nero used to call mushrooms a feast for the gods, because of the apotheosis of his predecessor.

Note XIV. Page 28. Line 545.

*The worthier beast in marble stalls was fed,  
His halter pearls, and cloth of gold his bed;*

Caligula's horse, called Incitatus, was treated with the same honours that were bestowed on the greatest men in the time of the Republic.

This capricious Emperor appointed him Chief Pontiff, and wanted to have conferred on him the Consular dignity. The animal was magnificently lodged in a marble stable, provided with an ivory manger, and fed out of a silver rack.

Note XV. Page 30. Line 591.

*Referr'd--to the profoundest of their thinkers  
To form a grand committee--of state tinkers.*

Domitian one day caused the Senate to be assembled in haste, to decide respecting a vessel in which to dress a monstrous turbot that had just been presented to him. The senators gravely discussed the point; and after ascertaining there was no kettle to be found large enough

to boil the fish whole, it was proposed to cut it in pieces. This expedient however was over-ruled, and it was finally determined that a pan should be made on purpose. It was likewise farther enacted, that whenever the Emperor went on a campaign he should be always attended by a sufficient number of *artificers in tin*.

The most ludicrous actor in the affair was a purblind senator, who appeared in raptures at the sight of the fish, and loudly sang its praises, turning his eyes all the while on the side where the fish was not !

Nemo magis rhombum stupuit: nam plurima dixit  
In lævum conversus: at illi dextra jacebat  
Bellua :—Vide JUV. SAT. iv. 120, et passim.

Note XVI. Page 31. Line 593.

*A thousand anecdotes I could relate;*

The reader will find below some details which would have exceeded the bounds of a poem, and which will complete what remains to be said respecting the kitchen of the ancients.—Vide De Vertot.

The profusion displayed in the famed Banquets of Ahasuerus surpasses almost every thing of which we have any account in this way. He entertained for six months together all the princes and governors of his kingdom; and kept, for seven days at a time, open table for all the inhabitants of the great city of Susa.

Similar excesses have been witnessed in times less distant than these. According to Pius III. Sindridgeles, Duke of Lithuania, never sat down to a service of less than ten different courses, and generally spent six hours at table.

Cardinal S. Sixtus entertained the daughter of Ferdinand, King of Naples, with almost incredible prodigality. The most costly perfumes were distributed to the guests at every change of dishes. In the first course the eatables were often made to present the history of the labours of Hercules, and in the succeeding ones, went through most of the metamorphoses which are to be found in Ovid, &c. &c.

Note XVII. Page 33. Line 645.

*This I behold, a gratified spectator,  
Yet lack I one thing—in this fête champêtre ;*

I shall hardly be suspected of intending to throw any ridicule here on that elegant production, “L’Hommme des Champs,” having already expressed my high opinion of the talents of the author who deserves indeed to be better known in this country.

## N O T E S.

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### CANTO II.

Note I. Page 36. Line 29.

*You call the oaks to witness the deceit,*

—καὶ ὡς δρῦες ἀύτοις ἔθεην,

‘Ιμέρα ἀιτε φύσται παιρ’ ὄχθαισι ποταμοῖο.

THEOCRIT. IDYLL.

Note II. Page 40. Line 97.

*Let others broil their mutton in the fleece,*

*Or barbecue a hog entire, in Greece :*

There appears a curious similarity in the mode of dressing this dish in ancient times by the cooks in Scotland, and in modern days by those of Otaheite.—Vide Ossian: Fingal, book the first; and Cook's Voyages.

Note III. Page 41. Line 117.

*Poor puny judges what our tastes excites,*

No sort of allusion is here intended to the *puisne judges* of the present day, for whom the author entertains the highest respect.

Note IV. Page 42. Line 139.

*Nor can I, with some modern writers, see  
Great odds in our perfectibility.*

Consult a work entitled “Literature, considered in its Relation to Social Institutions,” by Madame de Stael Holstein; it may there be seen that the ancients had not attained the age of *melancholy*, which is in itself a source of *perfectibility*.

Note V. Page 46. Line 223.

*His visage grave, his aspect rough and stern,*

“It was my lot,” says Montaigne, “to be acquainted with one of those artists who had been in the service of Cardinal Caraffe; he would harangue whole hours on the subject of eating, with as grave and magisterial an air as if he had been discussing an important point in theology. He recapitulated to me a vast variety of species of appetite: that which one has fasting, and that which remains after the first and second course: the best methods of gratifying it at one time, of awakening and reanimating it at another; the stratagem of sauces; first in a general way, and then entering into a particular investigation of their ingredients; with a digression as to their effects: the different sorts of salad, according to the season of the year; which should be served *hot*, and

which cold; together with all the most captivating embellishments of which they are susceptible.

“ After that, he added some sagacious reflections on the order of service, full of wise and valuable instruction.

“ *Nec minimo sanè discriminè refert,*

“ *Quo gestu lepores, et quo gallina secetur.*”

“ And all this with the same ostentation as if he had been treating of a vitally important matter of state. This brought to my recollection that such a man I had before seen.”

Note VI. Page 54. Line 377.

*Nor always wait upon the lingering day,*

*Till your sash glitters with the parting ray;*

A wag, on being told that it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said he supposed it would end at last in not dining till *to-morrow*!

Note VII. Page 60. Line 499.

*He, who conceives it is a desiderium,*

*To salt his mangoes and his elaterium;*

It is by no means so easy to excel in these trifling things as is generally imagined: even the preparation of an omelet is attended with some difficulty. This is illustrated by an anecdote in the life of the Prince De Condé. “ In one

of his military expeditions," says Gourville in his Memoirs, "it chanced one night that our whole supper consisted of a basket of bread, a bottle of wine, a few walnuts, and some cheese. About dusk we entered a village, where there was a miserable alehouse, and being able to procure no refreshment but a few new-laid eggs, the Prince undertook to make us an omelet. The kind hostess informed him it would be good for nothing if not tossed in the pan, and instructed him in the method of performing the operation. His execution of this manœuvre was not the most brilliant of his exploits that campaign; for aiming at too great an elevation, the unfortunate omelet fell flat into the fire. I entreated the landlady to make the next herself, and not to suffer our last resource to fall into the hands of so unskilful a practitioner."

Note VIII. Page 61. Line 527.

*Too greedy, gorge not, the inviting bait,*

— — — Ἀτὸ γαρ κόρος ἀμελύει

ἀναὶ ταχίνας ἀπάθε. — PINDAR. PYTH.

Note IX. Page 63. Line 567.

*Let Ovid his expiring sheep deplore,  
Or fainting heifer, on Ausonia's shore;*

This is a mistake; for the heifer see Virgil.—

Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera viscera condi;  
Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;  
Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto!  
Nec nisi, &c.—OVID. METAM. xv. 83.

Quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus, inque tuendos  
Natum homines; pleno quæ fertis in ubera nectar?  
Mollia quæ nobis vestrás velamina lanas  
Præbetis, vitaque magis quam morte juvatis,  
Quid meruere boves, &c.—Ib. 116.

“ There was some excuse,” says Plutarch, “ for eating flesh meat in the beginning, when the earth brought no fruits ripe and pleasant; neither were there any tooles and instruments belonging to any arte; nor so much as any invention of a *witty head*. Hunger never gave us ease or time of repose; neither was there any expectation or waiting for the yearly seasons of seednesse, for there was no sowing at all. No marvell, therefore, if we did eat the flesh of beasts and living creatures even contrary to nature, considering that then the very mosse and bark of trees served for food; but whensoever men could meet with acorns and mast to taste and feed upon, they

would dance and hop for joy about an oak or beech tree ; and in their rusticall songs call the earth their bountiful mother, and their kinde nourse : all their life besides was full of vexation, sorrow, and heaviness. But now what rage, what furie, and madnesse, exciteth you to commit such murders and carnage, &c."

Note X. Page 64. Line 581.

*But now succeeds a simultaneous pause :*

This refers to the characteristic description of the beginning, middle, and end of a feast.

Altum Silentium,  
Stridor Dentium,  
Clangor Gentium.

Note XI. Page 66. Line 613.

*Custom, good sense, must teach you to select  
Your phrase, your dish ; and what you should reject.*

Mr. DeLille, in 1786, dining with his friend Marmontel, related the following anecdote, respecting the observance of fashionable customs at table. The conversation turned on that multitude of indispensable trifles which are necessary to enable a man to mix in good society without being laughed at. "They are really innumerable,"

added Delille; “ and what is most vexatious is, that all the wit and good sense in the world would never be sufficient, by themselves, to perfect you in these desirable accomplishments. A short time since,” pursued he, “ the Abbé Cosson, Professor of *Belles Lettres* at the College Mazarin, was describing to me a dinner to which he had been invited a few days before, where there were many persons of the first rank, blue ribbons, Marshals of France, &c. at the house of the Abbé Radou-villiers at Versailles. ‘ I will lay you any wager,’ said I, ‘ that during this self-same dinner you were not guilty of less than an hundred improprieties.’ — ‘ What do you mean,’ said the Abbé, quite startled; ‘ I am sure I did every thing like every body else.’ — ‘ What presumption! — now I dare say you did no one thing like any body there. But let us see—first of all, what did you do with your napkin when you sat down to table?’ — ‘ With my napkin? why, like others I unfolded it, spread it before me, and fastened it by one corner to a button hole in my coat.’ — ‘ Well, my good friend, you were the only person there that did so. Your napkin should not have been displayed in this way, it should have been thrown carelessly across your knee.’ — ‘ Pray in what manner did you take your soup?’ — ‘ Like every body else, I believe, with my spoon in one hand, and my fork in the other.’ — ‘ Pleasant, indeed! your

fork!—who would think of eating soup with a fork.'—  
‘ Well, go on;—after your soup, what did you eat?’—‘ A fresh egg.’—‘ And what became of the shell?’—‘ Why, the servant took it away to be sure.’—‘ What, without breaking it?’—‘ Yes, without breaking it.’—‘ Shocking! remember never to eat an egg again without crushing the shell.’—‘ After that I asked for some bouilli.’—‘ Bouilli! you must never ask for bouilli, you must ask for beef.’—‘ Now, what next?’—‘ I requested the master of the house to send me some fowl.’—“ Worse and worse! You should have asked for chicken, pullet, poult,—any thing but fowl. This expression is entirely confined to the *lasse cour*. But what did you call for when you wanted to drink?’—‘ Why, like every one else, I asked for red wine or white wine, as I happened to want.’—‘ This was wrong again, you may call for Champagne or Hock, or Burgundy; never for wine. Then tell me in what way you ate your bread?’—‘ Certainly, as every one else does; I cut it as neatly as I could with my knife.’—‘ Bless me! do you not know that people always break their bread, never cut it. Go on; how did you manage your coffee?’—‘ For once I am sure I was right; it was scalding hot, and I poured it into the saucer to cool it.’—‘ Nobody else would have thought of doing such a thing; we always drink coffee out of the cup, and never out of

the saucer. From these specimens I think the probability is, my dear Cosson, that you neither uttered a word nor performed a single action any otherwise than diametrically contrary to the most obvious and established principles.'

"The Abbé was thunderstruck," continued Mr. Delille, "and for six weeks afterwards did little else but inquire of every body he happened to meet, how far I was right in the information I had given him."

Mr. Delille himself was indebted to a female friend for his initiation into these mysteries. He had long felt embarrassed in the great world where his talents were esteemed, and where those who are most admired for their genius are often most ridiculed for their awkwardness.

Although the Abbé Cosson was deficient in attention to the manners of the great, he was not wanting in *presence d'esprit*. Having breakfasted one day with an intimate acquaintance, where he met with some pastry which appeared to him excellent, the taste recurred to him the following morning. He went back to his friend at an early hour, and said to him very seriously—"My dear sir, some company that I did not expect have called to breakfast with me; do me the favour to lend me *your pye!*"

Note XII. Page 66. Line 625.

*'Tis not Virginia creeper here I mean,  
The vegetable parasite and green :  
No, 'tis the creeper animal you want,  
And smiling, at your table you should plant.*

Among the moderns may be mentioned Montmaur, the most famous parasite of his day. He was born in 1576, and died at Paris in 1648. Although rich, he was penurious. He used to say to his friends, “ Furnish you the meat and wine, and I will *provide the salt*.”

At table, one day, with a large party who were talking, singing, and laughing all at once—“ Silence, gentlemen, if you please,” he cried; “ you make so much noise I cannot *hear myself eat*.”

It may not be amiss to notice here the different significations, in which the word parasite has been used, both among the ancients and moderns. The title of parasite was once an honourable appellation, but seems to have shared the same fate as that of philosopher. The Roman word for these necessary appendages to a feast (I mean the *parasites*, not the *philosophers*) was *epulones*. To them were committed the offerings of the first fruits in the temples, and they were entrusted with the distribution of these donations among the people; retaining, however, a *due* proportion for *pious purposes*. Jupiter,

Bacchus, and Apollo, had each of them their parasites, who enjoyed a great reputation among the people. But it was soon perceived that their appetites were greater than those of the gods to whose tables they were admitted. They rendered themselves still more contemptible by insinuating themselves into the houses of the great, where they conducted themselves in the same way they had done in the temples; singing the praises of the master of the house, and fattening on his hospitality, while the rest of the family often went supperless to bed. From that time all those were denominated parasites, who were ready by complaisance and flattery to procure themselves a good dinner, at the expense of probity, delicacy, and honour.

The Romans, in admitting them to a seat at their table, thought themselves amply authorised to ridicule, to laugh at, and even to beat them, if such was the whim of the day. The latter part of this custom, however, has been discontinued *of late*.

They are, now, always *your very dear friends*; and the eulogiums they lavish are readily taken as sterling coin. Their conversation is considered as a *treat* of itself, or equivalent to one; and many a man of fashion who devours his fortune, without taste or relish, is happy in having this means of dissipating the ennui of constant satiety, and thoughtless profusion.

Note XIII. Page 68. Line 656.

*And starve themselves to death to live the longer.*

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.—Juv.

For as another poet says, I forget who,

Qui non cœnat, et ungitur,  
Hic verè mihi mortuus videtur.

## N O T E S.

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### CANTO III.

Note I. Page 75. Line 116.

*If much I covet—’tis but to bestow.*

“I know no good,” says Dr. Harvey, “there is in great riches, but to make a man an inn-keeper to his friends, and a justice of the peace to his servants.”

Note II. Page 76. Line 152.

*And dog-day throats with icy wine shall freeze!*

I hope this will not, by the fastidiousness of criticism, be construed into a—*catachresis*.

Note III. Page 81. Line 249.

*Speak of Dentatus, you may say ’twas Curius;—  
With Samnite envoys, how extremely furious :*

The author here has allowed himself too great a latitude. The dictator was not dressing peas, but positively a different description of vegetable, as will appear from the following quotation :

“ Curius Dentatus was thrice elected Consul, and twice received the honors of a triumph.

“ The ambassadors of the Sammites found him, in the rural retreat to which he had retired after his victories, in the act of dressing some . . . radishes in an earthen vessel, and offered him magnificent presents to induce him to espouse their cause. The brave Roman rejected their bribes with indignation, and haughtily answered, ‘ I prefer my earthen pot to your golden cup, and want no riches while I can command those who possess them.’ ”

He was right for, *nulla aconita bibuntur fietilibus.*

Thus is truth happily re-established—History should not be falsified to accommodate it to our taste—not even to make a *ratè-dish* more palatable.

The Latin satirist is more cautious; he only calls them pot-herbs:

—*Curius, parvo quæ legerat horto,*  
*Ipse focus brevibus ponebat oluscula.* SAT. XI. 78.

Note IV. Page 82. Line 233.

*Nor yet with sameness the attention vex;*  
*Talk of the Famia, and the Orchia Lex:—*

Macrobius says that at the time the Lex Famia was in force, a law which enacted many severe sumptuary regulations, the Patricians would often come intoxicated to the Senate, to give their votes on the most important occa-

sions—a practice which must astonish those who are acquainted with the remarkable sobriety of modern senators.

The above law, among other things, prohibited a larger sum than a hundred asses (*centenos æris*) from being expended in one repast, which reduced the meal nearly to the standard of one of our common ordinaries. This law cannot be considered as imposing any severe hardship, since the present pope Pius VII. voluntarily limits the whole expense of his dinner to a single dollar a day.—It is to be observed, he *never has company*.

The Lex Orchia restricted the number of guests which might be invited to a repast at one time.

Note V. Page 82. Line 269.

*Plutarch you quote, and Arbiter and Martial ;  
Authors, by no means, flattering nor partial.*

To refresh your memory, and to qualify you to discourse learnedly on *Gastronomics*, study “The Philosophie, commonly called the Morals, written by the learned Philosopher Plutarch of Cheronea;” especially the “*Symposiaques, or Banquet Questions*;” that delectable description left us by Petronius of the feast of Trimalcione, otherwise Nero, and which to the great advancement of learning was so fortunately discovered at Belgrade, in the

year 1688; “The Epigrams of Martial, book vii.”—“Julius Cæsar Bullengerus Juliòdunensis è Soc. Jesu, de Conviviis; Guidomi Panciroli Rerum perditarum, cum Commentariis Salmulh, titulum de cibi capiendi modo veteribus usitato;” and a little volume in 12mo. dedicated to the Cardinal Roverella, under the title “Bap: Platinæ Cremonensis de honestate, voluptate et valetudine libri decem.” In this work the celebrated writer of the lives of the Popes describes the art of preparing food, in what he calls a way agreeable to the taste, and beneficial to the health, &c.

It will not be amiss for you just to dip into—Cicero Tusculan. Quæst. v. where he disapproves of even two full meals a day, “bis in die saturum fieri.”—Isidorus, in whose time dinners were not abused, for they were not *used*, “in usu non erant prandia.”—Eustathius Commentario in Odyss.  $\alpha$ .—Aristotle de Repub. lib. vii.—Lucretius, lib. v.—Ælian, Var. Hist. lib. iii.—Lycephron—of the *βαλανηφάγοι*, or acorn-eaters—whence the acorn bough and plate of bread at the Athenian marriages, when they exclaimed, “Ἐκφυγον κακόν, ἐνφον ἀμείων—I have changed bad into better—perhaps they sometimes found *bad* was the *best*. The corona civica was composed “fronde querna,” because, says A. Gellius, “Victus antiquissimus quernus.—Pausanias de Atticis,

Achaieis, Arcadieis. If Triptolemus was the first ploughman, Pan was the first baker; whence the Greek *πάτος*, *ἄρτος*—the Latin words for bread, *panis*; for cakes, *panaria*; as also *panicum*, *panifer*,—("Milites *panicei* per jocum dixit,"—says Plautus), also *panarium* and *panarolum*—whence our baking *pans* and our *rolls*, &c.—pancakes, *panado*, corrupted from pan dough, and *pancreas*, or *sweet-bread*. I know others derive *πάτος* from *πάτω*, vel potius *πάτεμα*, *gusto*, *vescor*; but I prefer the former etymology as more satisfactory, though less ingenious—Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* lib. xviii. c. 7. where you find barley was the most ancient grain cultivated—"antiquissimum in eibis."—From being a delicacy, it afterwards became a punishment, as Vegetius and Suetonius affirm. The cohort that deserted its duty, "damnatus hordeo pavit;"—this would have been no hardship, however, to a Highland regiment; the bannocks of barley meal have beat the *macaroni* out of the field.—Cicero *de Natura Deorum*, lib. ii. by whom it appears that pork was the first flesh eaten—not bacon; because swine had "animam pro sale ne putrescant."—Plato, lib. vi. *de Legibus*, who reports that in the first ages men abstained from flesh, and polluted not their altars with blood—*συρκῶν ἀπειχούστος οὐδὲ ξεμένος αἴματι μιάσει*.—Athenaeus *passim*—and lib. iv. c. 6. respecting the black broth—"μέλας

*ζομός*”—of which a wag of old times observed, he did not wonder the Lacedemonians were so brave, since it was a thousand times better to die than live upon such infamous trash. The Athenian mode of eating was next to the Spartan in frugality; and to live *Αττικηρῶς*, was to live sparingly, or in other words, by their wits—a practice still observed by many wits of the present day. The Sicilians were, on the other hand, famous for the profusion of their entertainments, and *Σικελικὴ τράπεζα* was proverbial.—Cornelius Nepos, *Præfat* in *Vit. Imperat.* by which it appears the Romans did not adopt the custom of banishing females from their repasts, as the Grecians did, whose confinement of their ladies to the *γυναικείτις*, or boudoir, is not of a piece with the rest of their politeness, especially whilst they permitted them to go upon the stage for hire. In *scenam vero prodire, et populo esse spectaculo, nemini fuit turpitudini*—Aristophan. Vespis—whence we learn the very ancient introduction of napkins and finger cups—*ὑδωρεκατὰ χειρὸς μετὰ τραπέζας*.—Instead of the *χειρόμαστρον*, in early times were used the *ἀπομαγδαλίαι* or crumbs of bread, which were then given to the dogs, *τοῖς κυσὶ*; hence it was also called *κυνάς*; and Homer says,

—*Αμφὶ ἄραχτα κύνες δαίτιθεν ἴονται  
Σένως, ἀλλ᾽ γάρ τε φέρει μειλήγματα θυμός.*

Compare Matthew xv. 27.

It may not be amiss to remark here that ablutions of all sorts were much in vogue, and that sea-bathing was as much practised in the early, as in these later heroic ages.—Suidas and Julius Pollux may be consulted as to the modes of salutation—particularly that called  $\chi\nu\tau\pi\sigma\nu$ , or the “pot,” where the person kissed was laid hold of by the two ears—that by laying hold of the nose seems a more modern invention.—Servius Donatus, Vita Terentii, and Philo the Jew, respecting the positions of the guests. The primitive mode was sitting—*lying* was a refinement; but the old-fashioned posture seems likely to *stand* its ground—In Macedonia no man was allowed to sit at meals till he had spitted a boar with his spear.—Cicero in Vatinium will authorize us to condemn, as absurd and unseemly, the modern fashion of dressing in black—“Quis unquam cœnavit atratus?” says he, who would think of going to a party in mourning?—he treats it as a thing monstrous in itself, and unheard of among people of any education.—Read Æschylus carefully, and you will discover that Janus invented garlands and not breeches, as the learned erroneously imagine; though Festus and Theocritus seem to think the most ancient wreath for the temples was a woollen nightcap—

“Antiquissimum genus fuisse coronarum laneum—”

Homer allows none to his heroes, and he has monopolized all those of his age himself.

Those who are more curious still, may amuse themselves with the remains of Erasistratus's work on endive—Methæcus on the oglio—Epinetus on possets—Crito, Hegesippus, Hicesius, Dionysius, Diocles, &c.

I shall conclude this note with a quotation or two from an old English author, whose work appears to have been printed in the year 1697.

“Plato, when he returned to Athens from his travels, being asked by the philosophers there, if he had seen any notable thing in Tinacria, which is now called Sicily—answered, “Vidi monstrum in natura—hominem bis saturatum in die”—and this he said, because he saw Dionysius the tyrant, who first invented to eat—at noon, and afterwards to sup at night. In ancient time they did use *to sup* and *not to dine*, only the Hebrews did feed at noon.

“We heap suppers upon dinners, and dinners upon suppers, without intermission; it costs us more to be miserable, than would make us perfectly happy.

“Vita nostra est instar comedie—our life is like a comedy; the breakfast is the prologue, a dinner the interlude, a supper the epilogue.

“Tiberius's aphorism is good, that every man is his own best physician, and his life sets a *probatum est* to it.

“ Happy is the man that eats for hunger and drinks for thirst, that lives according to nature and by reason, not by example, and provides for use and necessity, and not for ostentation and superfluities.

“ If mankind would only attend to human nature, without gaping after superfluities, a cook would be found as needless, as a soldier in time of peace; we may have necessities upon very easy terms, whereas we put ourselves to great pains for excess.

Mangiera piu chi manco mangia.

“ Consider the Romans—when they came to their *jecur anserinum*, their *porcus Trojanus*, *sumen*, *uvedula*, *ficedulæ*, and their generous wines, *Cieula* (perhaps *Cœcuba* \*) and *Falerna*, they became effeminate, and by them were more overcome, than formerly by their greatest enemies.”

He acquaints us that if we were to sit in a bath, it would enable us to dispense with the necessity of drinking, and that more nourishment is to be derived from a beef steak applied *externally* to the stomach, than one taken into it.

He remarks that the Thracian women, to procure a healthy progeny, confined themselves to a diet of nettle porridge (whence probably the origin of the *nettle rash*)—

\* Vide Hor. Lib. ii, Sat. 8. Line 15.

and further observes, that by strict attention to temperance, the people of the sect of the Esseans, (*qu. Essenes?*) among the Jews, (I apprehend, notwithstanding their longevity, none of them are now to be found among our various schismatics,) lived generally to the age of an hundred— (Vide Jeremiah, c. 35. v. 6.) he mentions a Dean who exceeded an hundred and eighty, and a Moor, called Xequepeer, who resided at the city of Bengala, in 1586, and reached three hundred years by a little attention to the humidum radicale, and the calidum innatum:—and he goes on to state that, as Aldrovandus asserts, the bird Monucodiaca, in the Moluccas, whose wings are the size of an eagle's, though its body is no bigger than a wren's, hovering continually in the air, takes no other food than what is there found; “ as Paracelsus, Licetus, and Cardan, (great men in their days) say that some holy anchorites lived 20 years without food; and Ficinius, Crollius, and Rundeletius, tell us of a nation, called Astomares, near the Ganges, who having no mouths, existed only by their *smell*, carrying a nosegay in their breast; or on *long* journeys, a few apples or quinces in their pockets; and as Olympiodorus assures us that a person, in his time, existed many years without food or sleep, only standing in the sunshine a few minutes now and then to refresh himself—so, he thinks, if some other way of nourishing nature could be discovered,

*besides eating* (which, from the above examples, seems quite probable), all cause of diseases would be cut off, and we might consequently live as long as we pleased—It appears, therefore, that Sancho was quite premature in his eulogium on the man who first adopted that pernicious invention."

Note VI. Page 83. Line 275.

*Among great men, of whom these authors write,  
Remember the great eaters that you cite.*

A few such instances as the following may astonish your auditory. Maximinus used to eat sixty pounds of meat in a day. It will be recollected he was eight feet six inches high, and that his wife's bracelet served him for a ring. Albinus absorbed, in the course of one morning, five hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of grapes, one hundred wood-peckers, and forty dozen of oysters. Phagon dispatched in the presence of Aurelian, a wild boar, a pig, a sheep, and one hundred loaves. Domitius the African, and Audebontes, *an English king*, expired at table from excess in eating.

Muleasse, king of Tunis, did not scruple to give one hundred crowns for sauce to a pheasant;—a golden one it may be presumed

The anecdote of Marshal Villars' Swiss porter, whose

appetite appears almost incredible, should not be omitted here, and which being translated runs thus—

The Marshal one day said to him: “ How many sir-loins of beef do you think you can eat ? ”—“ Ah, my lord, me need not many, five or six de utmost.”—“ And how many legs of mutton ? ”—“ Legs of mutton ; not many, seven or eight.”—“ How many pullets think you ? ”—“ Oh ! very few of de pullet, perhaps about a dozen.”—“ Well, and pigeons ? ”—“ Oh ! as far de matter of pigeons, very few, forty, perhaps fifty, according as they are dressed.”—“ And larks ? ”—“ Oh, larks ! my lord,—larks *for ever*.”

Roman history supplies us with many extraordinary feats in drinking, which may be all introduced with great propriety. Pisonius was made *prætor* by Tiberius, for having drunk incessantly for three nights. Flaccus received the province of Syria for a like exploit. Novellus drank at a draught three large measures of wine before the same emperor. The women of those days did not refuse to take their glass, and would empty a bumper for every letter in the name of each toast that was given. How accurately these were arranged, we learn from Martial.

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur ;

Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus. MART. vii. 80.

Apropos of wine and its origin.—It will be desirable to know that the Latins give the credit of this valuable

discovery to Saturn, the Greeks to Bacchus, and the Egyptians to Osiris—that Nicander ascribes it to Æneus, from whom it was called *oinos*—whence, by an easy transition, *vinum*—whence, by a still easier, vine and wine.—Theopompus thinks it came first from Olympia; Helianicus from Plinthion in Egypt.—Whether Melampus, or Staphylus, or Amphictyon, first mingled water with it, and in what proportion, and whether hot or cold, and who first added perfumes, and of what sorts and qualities, and who devised the methods of refrigerating it, remain still controverted points. Though it appears that many *people* boiled their water, the Lacedemonians alone *boiled their wine*.—By this means a dessert was obtained every way qualified to succeed the rest of their entertainment, evincing an additional proof of an exquisite taste in liquids.—The Thracians and Scythians preferred the *ἀκριτοσοσία*, and drank it without scents, without water, without ice, and without *measure*.—Vide Plin. Geoponic, lib. vii. c. 4.; and Chamæleon—Heracleota de Temulentia, apud Athen. To go further back—the delicate Princess Nausicaa and her companions, are introduced by Homer, as taking their share of the purple juice; and the infant Achilles is described as letting it fall from his mouth, over the garments of the venerable Phœnix.

Οἴνος ἀποσλυζών ἐν νεήσις ἀλεγχεῖται. ILIAD ix. 487.

Note VII. Page 88. Line 385.

*Let no importunate officious knave  
So far your boiling indignation brave,*

The maxim *in crastinum differre res severas* must be understood *cum grano salis*.—Vide Cornel. Nepot. in Vita Pelopidæ, et exitium miserabile Spartanorum, qui tali consilio paruerunt et perierunt.—Vide quoque Plutarchum.

Note VIII. Page 89. Line 398.

*Nought should disturb a gentleman at dinner!*

When the bailiff of Suffren was at Achem, one day, a deputation of the magistrates of the town came to demand an audience, just as he had sat down to dinner. Being a great epicure, and having no small dread of interruption at his meals, with an admirable readiness of wit, he hit upon an expedient to preserve himself from the intrusion without affronting the deputies. He ordered them to be acquainted, that an article of his religion expressly prohibited his entertaining thoughts irrelevant to eating, while at dinner, this being a function of primary and vital importance. The citizens retired very respectfully, much edified by this convincing proof of the extreme devotion of the French general.

Note IX. Page 91. Line 437.

*Birds' nests from Cröee,*

The nests of the Layonglayong or *Hirundo esculenta*. The substance of which they are composed has not been as yet ascertained by any of the naturalists who have devoured these dainties;—according to Kœmpfer, it is *molluscae* or sea-worms;—to Le Poivre, fishes' spawn;—to Dalrymple, sea-weed;—and to Linnæus, blubber or jellies. These nests are hemispherical, and of the size of a *goose's* egg, and in many of their properties much resembling *iecthyocolla* or *isinglass*. The white, it is asserted, sell in China for 150 dollars per lb.; the black *somewhat cheaper*.

Note X. Page 91. Line 439.

*From Iceland lichens, and St. Kitt's tomato;*

*From Cuba, melangeno and potato:*

*Solanum lycopersicum*, or love apple, much used in soups. *Solanum melangeno*, the egg plant, or vegetable egg, much admired in the West Indies.

*Solanum tuberosum*, or potato,—is of the same species as the nightshade or *solanum nigrum*—and is more or less poisonous according to the *quantities* eaten.

The solanum nigrum rubrum, called guma, is served up as spinage in the West Indies, and eaten with *impunity* by the negroes.

Apropos of tomato and soups—the island of Mozambique, is famous for a species of fowl of which the flesh, as well as the feathers, are as *black as jet*, and from which a most delicious broth is made, no doubt of the same colour. This delicacy seems to have escaped our fashionable epicures as yet—I recommend it to their notice.

Note XI. Page 95. Line 519.

*It chanced :—for dates see Madame Sevigné,—*

*That great Prince general—the great Condé,*

This lively writer in one of her letters to Mde. de Grignan, gives the following particulars of this event.

“ The King arrived on Thursday afternoon; for the evening’s refreshment there was a collation laid out in an alcove, strewed with roses and jonquilles—all this was excellent.

“ Supper-time came—there were some of the tables where the roasts were wanting, on account of the number of dinners which had been unexpectedly called for; this irregularity hurt poor Vatel, who was heard several times to exclaim—“ My honour is tarnished, I shall never be

able to get over this business. He said afterwards to Gourville—" My brain is absolutely turning ; I have had no sleep for these twelve nights ; I must beg you to help me in giving the necessary orders."—Gourville lent him all the assistance in his power. The dishes in question which had been wanting, though not at the King's table, but at the twenty-fifth from it, seemed to haunt his imagination.

" Gourville mentioned it to the Prince—the Prince went himself to Vatel's room, and said to him in the kindest manner, " Vatel, every thing has been done in the first style ; nothing could be better arranged than the King's supper." He answered " Your Highness's condescension overpowers me ; I know that two tables were neglected." " Not in the least," returned the Prince ; " make yourself perfectly easy ; all was exactly as it ought to be." Midnight came ; the fireworks did not succeed ; an envious cloud destroyed all their effect. They cost 16,000 francs. At four o'clock Vatel, already on the alert, finds the rest of the household buried in sleep. He meets a purveyor who brings him a very scanty supply of sea-fish. " Is this all ?" asks Vatel, alarmed. " Yes, sir," answered the man, not knowing that messengers had been dispatched to put all the sea-ports in requisition. Vatel waited, however, a considerable time—no sign of the

other purveyors—distracted and bewildered, his imagination represented to him it was in vain to expect any further supplies in time: he went to Gourville, and said to him: “ My dear friend, I never can survive this disgrace.” Gourville smiled at him. Vatel goes immediately to his chamber, and shutting himself in, fixes his sword against the door; twice he rushes on the point ineffectually, but the third time he falls dead. In the mean time the fish arrives from all quarters—the servants hunt up and down for Vatel—they call him on every side—they run to his room—they knock—no answer—at last the door is burst open, and he is found weltering in his blood. The Prince was immediately informed of the catastrophe, and was much shocked: the Duke was greatly affected, even to tears. Vatel had been his right hand man in the Burgundy expedition.

“ The Prince related the melancholy event to the King; it was said that it evinced a nice sense of honour in his way. He was much commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time.”

Note XII. Page 98. Line 590.

*In vain, with achromatic telescope—*

Achromatic is an anachronism.

*No such were known in France nor Holland;*

*Not such, at least, as made by Dolland;*

Whose ancestors dispute with Professor Euler the honour of the invention, though the first upon record belonged to Mr. Chester More, of More Hall, in the County of Essex, as far back as the year 1729.

The term is derived from *a* priv. and *χρῶμα* colour;—the contrivance proposing to remedy the prismatic effect of the aberration of the rays of light in common glasses, by lenses of different degrees of density, so constructed as to counteract each other, and present the *field* of view perfectly colourless.

## THE END.

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## ERRATA.

Page 29, Canto I. line 567, *for*  
 Pillars of ancient Rome—Conscript Sires, *read*  
 Pillars of ancient Rome, ye Conscript Sires.

Page 41, Canto II. line 124, *for the, read they.*  
 Page 51, Canto II. line 315, *for rears, read lifts.*  
 Page 66, Canto II. line 614, *after reject insert a full-point.*  
 \_\_\_\_\_ line 632, *after friends insert a comma.*  
 Page 78, Canto III. line 178, *for codshead, read cods-head.*

*And the reader may, if he pleases, correct P. 71, Canto III. line 47,*  
*Thy mite of earth, &c.*  
*to*  
*Your mite of earth you must contribute too,*  
*That other worms may moralize on you.*

*Or let it stand on the authority of Pope—*  
*Not on the cross my eyes were fixt, but you :*  
*And if I lose thy love, &c.* EPISTLE OF ELOÏSA.



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